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A Voice
from the
Golden City

W BENDIGO

William Pascoe.

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DEDICATED TO

THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH STERNBERG,

MEMBER OF

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF VICTORIA,

AS A

MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S ESTEEM.



A VOICE
FROM THE
GOLDEN CITY.

BY
WILLIAM PASCOE.

FIRST EDITION.

Bendigo :
BOLTON BROS., PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS,
WILLIAMSON AND HIGH STS.

1895.

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“BENDIGO.”

PART I.

Bendigo, fair city of modern days,
My happy home, how I love to gaze
At thy shaded streets, lined with lovely trees,
Gleaming in the sun, swaying in the breeze.
The crisp health-giving breeze that moves along
To bless the weak, their precious lives prolong,

From point to point the prospect opens wide,
And charming objects smile on every side;
Objects that recall the scenes of days of old,
When toilers found thy hidden beds of gold.
Along thy verdant vale on every hand
Memorials of the past, old landmarks stand,
That fill the mind with thoughts of long ago;
The early days of good old Bendigo.

Though then a youth I now remember well,
The thrilling news of gold, the magic spell,
That fell o'er men as the good news was hurled,

From land to land throughout the astounded world.
Britain stood amazed! her sons both young and old,
In cot and palace talked of naught but gold,
In rural walks, in commerce' busy marts;
In colleges where sciences and arts
Were taught, all felt the spell of the magic wand
Of gold, and longed to gaze at the wonder land.
Brave, stalwart men, the flower and pride
Of every town, life's prospects threw aside;
Skilled artisans and men of cultured mind;
The thoughtful, generous, pure, and refined,
In noble bands, left home and joys untold
To seek their fortunes on this field of gold.

Those self-reliant men, forty years ago.
Rushed o'er the vales and hills of Bendigo,
And delved and toiled for the dazzling gold,
Beneath the city fair we now behold.
The gold then found in thy precious mines,
To-day in every land in beauty shines;
It moves the wheels of commerce, tends to bind,
Enrich and bless the nations of mankind.

.

But of the men who toiled on hill and dale,
Ah ! few are left to-day to tell the tale
Of the digger's nomad life, his thoughts and ways,
And the rules and customs of those good old days.
This much we know—all men were equal then,
None plumed themselves above their fellow-men;
None of them looked with scorn or foolish pride
On those from whom Dame Fortune turned aside,
Nay, all seemed knit together, heart and hand,
Like common brothers in a new found land;
One common aim inspired each toiler's heart,
One thread of sympathy ran through each part,
And bound the whole in one common fold,
As they toiled together in their search for gold.
Their laws were few, ah ! few were needed then,
When each upheld the rights of other men;
And the stronger brother by the weaker stood,
And helped him on to share the common good.

Bless'd days were those, true to the honoured name
Of *Bendigo, the source from whence it came;

*Bendigo is said to derive its name from a Spanish word, meaning "I bless."

Yes, truly bless'd our sires were, their life as free
As the birds that winged their flight from tree to
tree,

Free as the waves of our great southern seas;
Free as the sunbeams and the playful breeze,
That smiled and whispered as they roamed at will
O'er every dale, ravine, and golden hill.

Ye sons and daughters fair who now survey
The city built by those who've passed away,
Muse on the past, with loving hearts review
The mighty work your fathers did for you;
Revere their names, preserve them from decay,
Let grateful praise your debt to them repay,
With filial love watch o'er each narrow bed,
And on their tombs warm tears of memory shed.

PART II.

To our lamented sires, the pioneers bold,
We bid adieu! though much remains untold
Of what they did, for we must now pourtray
The life and toil of a more recent day.

The forms that once have been are seen no more;
The rude instruments of the days of yore,
Like those who used them, are for ever laid
Aside, for others mightier, better made
By men of skill, led by the brightening ray
Of the light of science of the present day.
From north to south, along thy sunlit hills,
Steam engines puff away, huge crushing mills
Revolve with might, and like thunders roar,
As they free the gold from every baser ore.
Deep, darksome pits, where sturdy miners' play
Their trained and brawny arms, each night and day
In crystal rocks, and with wond'ring eyes behold
The glittering wealth of their veins of gold.

Ye mighty hills, rich coffers of our God,
O'er which for ages sable warriors trod,
In search of foes with keen ferocious stealth,
Without a thought of your prodigious wealth.
In later years shepherds drove their flocks
With vacant eyes between your glassy rocks,
But in due time your coffers were unbound,

The bars unlocked, your hidden treasures found
To bless mankind, in lands both young and old,
With real wealth—with tons of precious gold.

Gold is the life-blood of the nations' trade,
The sinews out of which its strength is made,
The safety-valve by which financiers gauge
And shape our currency from age to age.
Who then can tell the debt all nations owe
To you, the golden hills of Bendigo;
And yet, from east to west on every hand,
High crowned silurian hills, neglected stand,
Though hid in each, perchance, rich treasure lies,
Waiting to reward judicious enterprise.

Ye men of means in other lands, behold
Unfailing springs to quench your thirst for gold.
Penetrate these hills, their mystic caves explore,
From dark and hidden depths to light restore
The gems that blaze unseen ! the dazzling gold,
The purchaser of blessings manifold,
This world's chief treasure, whose power and worth
Are felt, adored, throughout the mighty earth.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Eternal God ! the King unseen,
Of old Britannia's race and noble Queen,
Her strength and stay when nations on her frown :
The mighty One who shields her crown.
Shield us who live beneath her sway,
And help us all to live each day
To do Thy will, to bow before Thy throne,
And honour Thee, our Father, God, alone.

May Justice, Truth, and Love divine,
In all Australian Councils ever shine;
In courts of law may magistrates unite
To punish Sin and foster Right.
We pray Thee, Lord, to ever bless
Our land with peace and happiness;
Bid discord cease; and reign for evermore
Supreme in every heart, from shore to shore.

As flowers all their hues display
When bathed with sunbeams at the op'ning day,

So shall our sons and daughters lovely be,
When decked with light and grace by Thee.
Shine on them, Lord, make them Thine own
In thought and deed, in word and tone,
A nobler race than we ourselves have been—
More worthy Thee, our country and our Queen.

CHARACTER—"GLASS WITH CARE."

To you, dear girls and boys in every land,
I in this song extend my guiding hand,
To lead your tiny steps through life's dark way,
Lest you in early life should go astray.
In every land some children take delight
In leading others from the path of right;
So I your friend would counsel you beware,
And point you to the maxim—"Glass with care."

The shining glass is brittle, as you know,
A child can break it with its tiny blow;

But once the pane is broken it is vain,
To try your skill to make it whole again;
So when the glass is sent from place to place,
Each box is bound, and on it you may trace
These words in letters large, they seem to stare
And speak their solemn warning, "Glass with care."

I tremble when I think each child I pass,
Has in its trust a name more frail than glass;
A thought conceived may break that name in twain,
And none on earth can make it whole again.
Thought shapes the word, prompts the unlawful
 deed,
That makes a parent's heart to throb and bleed;
So I your friend, would counsel you beware,
And point you to the maxim—"Glass with care."

Beware to-day when character is whole,
And virtue's light is beaming in the soul;
Beware of those who with a wicked smile,
The unsuspecting girl or boy beguile
To paths of sin; their arts and wiles disdain;
And keep the name, once lost, you can't regain.

It is your crown, your honour, so beware,
And hearken to the maxim—"Glass with care."

Think of the state of those whose sighs and wails
Ring through the gloomy chambers of our gaols;
Their heads hung down, their precious souls undone,
Their life henceforth a "world without a sun."
There was a time when, like the crystal glass,
Their names with lustre shone; but now, alas !
The deed of shame is done: so you beware,
And hearken to the maxim—"Glass with care."

Beware of greed ! ah, many youths have sold
Their honoured names for their employer's gold;
Avoid strong drink ! shun all the homes of sin;
Be true to all that's good without, within;
Your parents love, your teachers all obey,
Be kind to old and young, and for them pray:
Thus shall your lives shine on, divinely fair,
And mirror forth the maxim—"Glass with care."

BEAUTIFUL RAIN.

Beautiful rain ! beautiful rain !

Looked for and yearned for by mortals in vain;
When shall we see thee, and hear the sound
Of thy pattering footsteps, dancing around ?
Joyfully washing the cheeks of the flowers
That helplessly droop in our withering bowers;
When wilt thou visit our parched land again,
To clothe it with verdure, O, beautiful rain !

Beautiful rain ! beautiful rain !

Without thy soft showers man's labour is vain;
Orchards and vineyards show signs of decay,
Cereals and grasses shrivel away.
Nature looks sombre, devoid of its charm,
And weak, helpless man is filled with alarm,
Beautiful rain ! beautiful rain !
Dispel our dark fears, enrich us again.

Beautiful rain ! distilled in the sky,
Wafted through heaven's air-chambers on high,
Purified, fashioned by currents of air,
Yet, little we know of thy hidden ways there.

Science, we're told, can decipher the laws
That govern thy coming—with deference we pause,
Thy coming we'll know when we see thee again,
And taste of thy sweetness, most beautiful rain.

Beautiful rain ! emblem of love,
Servant of God from heaven above,
Coming at seasons His will to obey,
Coming to give thyself freely away,
To fill every nook with purple and green,
To mantle the earth with a heav'nly sheen,
That man may enjoy a sweet feast in thy train,
And love the great giver of sunshine and rain.

Merciful God ! source of all good,
The bountiful giver of raiment and food,
Look with compassion on our sinful land,
Let raindrops of mercy descend from Thy hand.
The forces of nature are servants of Thine,
The power that wields them we know is divine,
We pray where Thy children ne'er pleaded in vain,
Father, oh, give us the beautiful rain! *

*The above lines were written a few hours before the refreshing rain came.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Another year has come and gone,
And all its mercies one by one,
Are ever past.

Its hours and days have all passed by,
Like clouds that vanish from the sky
Before the blast.

Yea, like the fleeting streaks of light,
That swiftly dart on summer's night
Through heaven's expanse.
How swift and imperceptibly
Their steps sped on, how silently
Our days advance !

Another precious year book closed,
How many noble deeds proposed;
How many done !

This solemn book will yet reveal,
Each thought and deed, for woe or weal;
Yea, every one.

Ah ! many souls on pleasure bent,
In folly's giddy chase have spent
 Their strength for naught.
Though seeming joys turned into gall
And bitter woe, they after all
 No wisdom sought.

Emperors, kings, and men of state,
On schemes of blood, sad to relate,
 Have spent their time;
The strong devising how to wreak
Their wrath and vengeance on the weak,
 Oh, monstrous crime !

The meanest thing on earth is might,
When unaccompanied with right;
 It tramples, kills
The good and brave of many a land,
And spreads around on every hand
 A thousand ills.

Lord, give kings wisdom from on high,
To learn that they are born to die;
 And at Thy call

Must soon be judged before Thy throne,
And by their thoughts and deeds alone,
Shall stand or fall.

How many in this land of ours
Have searched and spent their time, their
powers,
For earthly gain.
Inspired by self, have bartered, sold,
Their manhood for the dazzling gold,
And lived in vain.

But there are some who daily trod
The path that leads from earth to God—
The path of right.
Inspired by Christ, who reigns above,
They nobly toiled in deeds of love ;
Led by His light.

Oh, God, in mercy come, prepare
All hearts this glorious light to share,
The coming year.

Crown all our days with fruitful love,
And help each one to look above,
With filial fear.

HOLIDAY SONG.

*Recited by the author at the Third Annual Banquet of the Victorian
Railways Service Mutual Association, Melbourne, April 2nd, 1887.*

You know of course my comrades, without a word
from me,

That men on every subject are wont to disagree ;
Our selfish little notions our biassed minds enthrall,
Till all our silk-spun arguments seem paradoxical.

From many varied standpoints, men have their
different ways

Of looking at the subject of "Railway Holidays";
So let your poet endeavour to set their minds at ease,
By giving the opinions of Railway employees.

That work unmixed with pleasure makes Johnny a
dull boy,

Is evident to all who will their minds employ ;
So men in every station of life are oft inclined
To roam and leave their sorrows and labours all
behind.

Artisans and labourers and those who toil in mines,
Scholars, scribes, and lawyers, and eminent divines,
In thousands throng our stations at every Christ-
mas time,
In search of fields of pleasure and change of air
and clime.

They smile and laugh and chatter as they hurry
with the train,
Through glens of scented flowers and fields of
hoary grain,
Then hie to festive bowers when their pleasant
journey's done,
Where ocean waves are sleeping beneath the sum-
mer sun.

Forgetful of earth's sorrows they plunge into its
waves,

And lounge at ease in mossy nooks and pleasant
shady caves;

Through garden walks they saunter where flowers
rich, profuse,

Breathe out their sweets as they display a thousand
lovely hues.

But when our friends and neighbours enjoy them-
selves away,

And all are richly clad in the garb of holiday,
Chained to the rock of duty, all Railway employees
Have then to work, though oft they feel dejected,
ill at ease.

From day to day we labour, amid the busy hives
Of surging crowds, who to our care entrust their
precious lives.

And oft in midnight slumbers the din of passing
trains

And mingled babel voices are echoing through our
brains.

Without a yearly season to leave this din behind,

We think life's sameness would destroy the vigour
of the mind;

Or, to put the matter plainer, without this righteous
boon,

A railway man would soon become a silly crazy loon.

So when our public masters have had their blissful
sway,

And all have felt the joy of a nation's holiday,

We know their manly natures and sturdy common-
sense

Will teach them, men who serve so well deserve
some recompense.

All mortals need a respite, and change of scene and
clime,

Though oft, alas ! it comes to us at depth of winter
time;

When not a flower blossoms to cheer the passer-by,
And frowning clouds on stormy wings sweep along
the sky.

Now, I entreat the reader who may this song review,

To pay an honest heed to the end I have in view:
 That end is—that the respite we seek and highly
 prize,
 Is dearly earned and should be deemed by all both
 just and wise.

HEART DISEASE AND HOW TO CURE IT.

Lines written on reading of the marriage of a popular young doctor.

I said to myself as I took up the pen,
 So, doctors get sick just like other men !
 Love-sick of course, and you know I am sure,
 That love-pains are always the hardest to cure.

The spirits droop down and vigour of mind,
 Departs like a cloud that's driven by the wind ;
 The victim sighs heavily—seems ill at ease,
 And shows all the symptoms of true heart disease.

Our skilful young doctor had latterly grown
 Quite moody and restless from some cause
 unknown,

His patients seemed puzzled, but your poet if
you please
Knows the diagnosis of true heart disease.

The cause of it all I could easily trace
To one steady gaze at his bride's blushing face,
Swift as the lightning darts through the sky
She'd pierced his heart with her timorous eye.

Ah! no one could heal his deep-wounded heart,
But the fair one that pierced it with love's pointed
dart,

At last his *Hygeia* said it should be done
By wedding, or welding, two hearts into one.

I welcome the news with rapture and pride,
And long for to greet the groom and his bride,
The wife and the husband I know I should say,
But laws are not binding in a marriage lay.

Hundreds, yea thousands, of our citizens yearn
To see the bright day of their happy return,
When eloquent friends will their powers employ
In neat little speeches and wishes of joy.

May oneness of spirit, love without alloy,
Fill their new home with contentment and joy,
And God's choicest blessings encircle their life
As mother and father, husband and wife.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

To-day from loyal hearts on land and sea,
Shouts, ringing cheers, and song of Jubilee
Through air and sky, in every clime resound,
From Britain's Isle to earth's remotest bound.

Hail Royal Lady, Hail belovéd Queen,
For fifty wondrous years thou now hast been
The pride of all thy sons, for thy renown
Has shed true lustre on Great Britain's crown.

What glorious memories surround thy life—
As daughter, mother, and devoted wife,—
Mem'ries of love and all that's chaste and good,
The highest reflex of true womanhood.

We love thee as Great Britain's honoured Queen,
But love thee more for the diviner sheen

Of love to God and man that lights thy face.
And crowns thy life with majesty and grace.

Thy mother taught thee, she whose noble name
Will ever shine on Britain's scroll of fame,
Taught from The Book, where principles of right
For home and state blaze forth in God's true light.

God blessed her labours, so, beneath thy sway,
Peace, truth, and freedom flourish day by day,
Trade, science, culture, useful arts and fine
Advance, and man grows nobler, more divine.

Hail India's Empress, millions thee adore
From Himalaya's heights to Travancore,
Beneath thy sway the dusky race set free
With rapture sing their songs of Jubilee.

From Hindostan to Austral's sunny land,
From Canada to Afric's burning sand,
From every land where thy just sceptre sways,
Sweet songs burst forth to celebrate thy praise.

MAID OF THE GRAMPIANS.

One summer day, I trod my way
To view the Grampian hills,
Where lofty peaks in grandeur lay
Above the sparkling rills.
While climbing up the steep ascent
'Midst flowers wild and rare,
And breathing in their balmy scent,
I spied a maiden fair.

Her hair and eyes were dark as night,
Her face as bright as day,
On which the zephyrs with delight,
And sunbeams seemed to play.
Her form was perfect symmetry,
Her movements free as air;
All beauties there met charmingly,
She was divinely fair.

With gentle steps, and spirits light,
She skimmed the flow'ry spray,

And held in her right hand so white,
A thousand hued bouquet.
She talked and smiled, called each by name,
And they returned her smile,
And then she kissed them as they came,
Caressing them the while.

My heart was pierced with Cupid's dart,
Life seemed to ebb away,
Ah ! would the fair one heal the smart,
Or would she answer " nay ! "
'Tween pain and bliss I at her feet
Fell, asked her to be mine,
She blushed, declined in accents sweet,
And shook her head divine.

IN MEMORIAM.

*To Timothy Thomas, Esq., on the death of his son,
John David Thomas, M.D.*

Like as the waves of our great sea
Flow in and ebb on every hand,

And shine a moment on the sand
And then are lost to you and me:

So 'tis with man, we hail his birth
We fondly gaze on him to-day,
To morrow he is gone away ;
And lost for aye to this fair earth.

Oh God, in mercy soothe the heart,
Of one who fondly clings to Thee,
Who would not mourn at Thy decree;
Yet feels how hard it is to part.

To him by Thee a son was giv'n,
That son he taught in wisdom's ways;
His faith in Thee grew with his days,
And on him shone the light of Heav'n.

He scaled the heights of earthly fame,
And on their peaks his name inscribed;
Yet love for Christ, the crucified,
Burned in his heart a quenchless flame.

His was a life of nobleness—
A life of pure unclouded love,

Each day the grace of Heav'n above
Was mirrored in his holiness.

He filled his father's house with joy,
And drove life's clouds of care away,
He turned its darkness into day,
And purified this world's alloy.

Alas! alas! death came one day,
And placed his "icy hand" upon
The life-pulse of that gifted son,
And ushered his great soul away.

His voice was hushed in every room,
The air was filled with dread repose,
The charms of joy turned into woes—
The world became a ghastly tomb.

Illume the father's eye to see
Why one so full of promise fair
Should first be called, when everywhere
So many live unworthy Thee.

'Tis grace and pity from above
That calls the best of earth to Heav'n;

To them a crown of life is giv'n,
To us a warning voice of love.

God in compassion look upon
Thy servant in his sore distress;
His sinking heart uphold and bless,
And him prepare to meet his son.

CHARITY.

Dedicated to the Easter Fair Committee, April 3rd, 1884.

Shall we adore each Easter time
The Christ, who came to earth to die
For sinful man, and yet not try
To imitate his love sublime ?

He tasted death that we might live,
He gave himself for you and me;
And he who would a christian be,
Must stoop each day to serve and give.

Men live in want on every hand,
They pine and suffer day and night:

And we who say we love the right
Should loyal be to God's command.

The poor, our loving-kindness claim,
And look to us with wistful eyes;
The heart that's moved with sorrow's sighs,
Turns life into its noblest aim.

In our hospital wards lie prisoners of death,
Racking with pains and e'er gasping for breath;
And in our asylum, the aged are there
Like withering flowers demanding our care.

Should you visit their home you may easily trace
In their snowy white hair and their wrinkled face,
In their palsied limbs and their trembling hands,
That they're hurrying away on life's ebbing sands.

And can we who have the sweet blessing of health,
Or those who so sumptuously roll in their wealth,
Deny to the founders of this sunny land
The gifts of affection from charity's hand?

The sick and the feeble—the aged of earth
Had once pretty homes and bright seasons of mirth,

But now in deep sorrow they daily survey
The clouds which have driven their sunlight away.

Their strength is departed no more to return,
To-day they must stoop to what once they would
spurn;

Their children are dead or unable to save,
And life is more chilly than death and the grave.

And shall we forsake them, when God from above
Fills daily our dwellings with blessings of love?
Nay! spurned be the thought! we will cheerfully
share

Our goods with those given by Him to our care.

Ah! yes, we'll do more, by the help of his grace,
The love of our heart they shall see in our face,
We'll talk to them kindly and smooth their grey
hairs,

And be to them children to carry their cares.

Now, people of Bendigo, hie to the Fair,
Consider the object, contribute your share
Heartily, cheerfully—your duty is clear,—
And the poet will wish you a prosperous year.

SONG AND CHORUS.

EIGHT HOURS ANNIVERSARY.

Music—"My Robin is shy" &c,

Ye men of Victoria, come join heart and hand,
To marshal your forces through our sunny land,
Take rest from your labours and drive care away
On this our great anniversary day.

CHORUS—Come toilers unite, to sing with delight
Of social progression,—of justice and right.

The mottoes inscribed on your banners unfold,
And let the sun shine on letters of gold;
March through all our streets to the beat of the drum,
And shout with your might "the victory's won."

CHORUS—Come toilers unite &c.

Eight hours for labour, eight hours for rest,
And eight for whatever each man may think best,
For study or pleasure, for parley or play;
This rule or division no man can gainsay.

CHORUS—Come toilers unite &c.

The miner who seeks for the glittering gold
In the gloom of our mines 'midst dangers untold;
And those who toil on 'neath the sun's burning ray,
Should never work more than eight hours a day.

CHORUS—Come toilers unite &c.

To labourers, butchers, and bakers of bread,
To scribes who assiduously work with their head,
And to artisans we'd advisedly say—
Cling boys, to the boon of eight hours a day.

CHORUS—Come toilers unite &c.

To our engine-drivers who fought in the past
For the boon of eight hours and gained it at last;
And to our law-makers who joined in the fray,
Give three hearty cheers at the close of the day.

CHORUS—Come toilers unite to sing with delight
Of social progression,—of justice and right.



SONG OF WELCOME.

*A Welcome to His Excellency the Governor, the Earl of Hopetoun on
the occasion of his first visit to Bendigo, 13th October, 1890.*

With ringing cheers, and with banners fair,
Floating gaily in the morning air,
We welcome thee, our Governor, to-day,
Our hearts responding to the grand display.

We welcome thee with songs, and bells, and lyres,
The echoes of our loyal hearts' desires;
We welcome thee, the one who stands between,
To join our hearts to Britain's noble Queen.

We welcome thee, the one whose spotless fame
Upholds the glory of Victoria's name;
The name our colony shall ever wear,
And in its glory will for ever share.

We welcome thee, where, fifty years ago,
The dusky warrior wandered to and fro;
With lordly step, his wild discordant sounds,
Resounding through his native hunting grounds.

We welcome thee, where now a city fair,
Towers up with pride beneath the noonday glare
Of Austral's sun—the home and thriving place
Of sons and daughters of the British race,

A city famed in lands both young and old,
Being girded round with mines of wealth untold;
Where gold is found entwined in beauty bright,
With shining ores in rocks of crystal white.

We welcome thee, where nations dwell as one,
Beneath the genial rays of Freedom's sun;
And pressing onward in the path of right.
Like flowers bending forward to the light.

We welcome thee to see the many parts
We play in fields of thought, in science, arts,
In truth and wisdom, all that can refine
The heart, and make it nobler, more divine.

Our loving hearts are loyal to the core,
Hail, noble Earl, we welcome thee once more,
To grace the Miners' Fair, and there proclaim
The opening fiat in our Sovereign's name.

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN.

Words set to Music.

Rendered at the opening of the "All Nations' Fair" under the leadership of
Mr John Jones, 18th October, 1893.

With proud hearts on this mem'able day,
In the city of riches untold,
Where those who have now passed away,
First found hidden treasures of gold,
We welcome, fair Countess, thy face,
Our songs and shouts rending the air,
As we witness thy goodness and grace
In opening the "All Nations' Fair."

CHORUS—Kindly greetings, loyal welcome,
Fair Countess we offer to thee;
Kindly greetings, loyal welcome,
Fair Countess, we offer to thee.

In this Fair we endeavour to pay,
A part of the debt that we owe

To the miners who suffer decay,
From long years of labour below.
We know that your warm heart is true
To the object in which we all share,
And we offer thanksgivings to you,
For your labour of love at our fair.

CHORUS—Kindly greetings &c.

As the flowers look up to the sun
And smile as thay bathe in his light,
So we look up to thee, every one,
Our hearts filled with joy and delight,
Thy presence re-kindles the fire
Of love to the Queen of our race,
Our hearts burn with loyal desire,
As we gaze at thy sweet radiant face.

CHORUS—Kindly greetings &c.

Every day may thy path through this life
Be strewn with glad welcomes and joy,
And never may discord and strife
Enter in thy sweet peace to destroy,

And when the Great King shall appear
To summon thy soul to its rest,
May sounds from afar fall on thine ear,
To welcome thee home to the blest.

CHORUS—Angel greetings, heav'nly welcome,
Fair Countess to realms of the blest;
Angel greetings, heav'nly welcome,
Fair Countess to realms of the blest.

A CANTATA POEM.

ARGUMENT.

PART I.—Australia before the dawn of civilization.

PART II.—The dawn of civilization and its rapid progress.

PART III.—Song of Welcome.

CONCLUSION.—Hymn Prayer.

PART I.

Unknown to the world for ages untold
The tides of the South round this continent rolled,
A continent vast, one destined to be
The home of a nation mighty and free.

Long its lands were hunting grounds,
Echoing the discordant sounds
Of a savage, warlike race,
Dark in mind, of dusky face.
Sun and moon, and stars in vain
Filled with beauty hill and plain,
Gleamed on flow'ry sylvan nooks,
Shone on rivers, lakes and brooks;
To great Nature's thoughts and ways
They returned a vacant gaze.

PART II.

At length the first enfeebled ray
Of Austral's bright and glorious day,
Beamed forth upon our eastern shore,*
With Phillip's fleet in days of yore.
That dawn, with minds and hearts elate,
We meet to-day to celebrate.

Brighter, brighter grows the day,
Mists and vapours glide away;

*New South Wales.

Sunbeams play along the sky,
Social wrongs before them fly;
Wealth and labour, science, arts,
Hand in hand perform their parts;
Pressmen flood the land with light
Statesmen legislate for right;
Preachers battle against wrong;
Truth and freedom speed along;
Virtue's flowers bloom and shine;
Men grow nobler, more divine.

PART III.

Ye honoured men who hie from older lands,
With works of genius wrought by skilful hands,
Accept from hearts inspired by love sublime
A thousand welcomes to our sunny clime.

Hail, ye men of names renowned
Welcome to our fairy ground,*
Mark our progress! come, behold
Cities girt with wealth untold,

*Exhibition Ground.

Land of sunshine, peace and plenty—
Eldorado, land of gold.

Hymn.

Great Father God, who with Thy hand
Hast raised Britannia to renown,
Descend, and make our Austral land,
The fairest gem in England's crown.

Unite the nations of the earth,
Bind man to man with links of love,
Fill every heart with moral worth,
And bid all onward, upward move.

SONG OF PRAISE TO THE
S. E. S.*

Awake ! sweet muse, to praise the name
Of the S.E.S. and to sing its fame,
Its noble deeds, its generous aim,
The honour due to the club proclaim.

*Sandhurst Ethiopian Serenaders.

In verse sincere through the Sandhurst press
Discharge thy debt to the S. E. S.

Thy powers were used in days of yore
To laud the rich in earthly store;
To praise the man who lived for gain,
And drew his sweets from his fellow's pain:
Redeem thyself by giving stress
To the sterling worth of the S. E. S.

The object of this worthy band
Is to help the poor on every hand,—
The suffering ones who need a friend
To bring them hope that woes may end;
And many hearts esteem and bless
The glorious name of the S. E. S.

Helpless widows who did no wrong,
Had been neglected, had suffered long;
Hopeless, cheerless, to the world unknown,
With no one to pity their sigh or groan.
At last their wail of sore distress
Gave birth to the famous S. E. S.

Since then its members one and all,
Have answered well to the needy's call;
Have given all their strength and skill,
To help the feeble up life's hill,
How happy then the consciousness
Of being one of the S. E. S.

The S. E. S. is ever true
To the noblest work a man can do;
It scatters broadcast everywhere
The gifts which every man should share,
To the illclad poor, food and dress
Are e'er supplied by the S. E. S.

When Death comes by, and takes away
From the humble cot its only stay,
And want weighs down the load of grief,
Till heart and body need relief—
Who enters then with love's caress?
'Tis the matchless club of the S. E. S.

Who can divine the good they've done?
Unknown it is to all save One;

The hearts they've healed, the tears they've
dried,

The storms they've helped to turn aside,

We cannot know, but we can bless

The stalwart boys of the S. E. S.

Homes that were dark as a "starless night,"

To-day are filled with a cheery light ;

The doleful cry has changed to the ring

Of a merry laugh, and the weepers sing,

The change is due to the tenderness

And watchful care of the S. E. S.

Brave boys, work on with heart and will,

And may your path grow brighter still ;

Win Heaven's applause, increase your worth,

To nobler deeds each day give birth,

And then all men will join to bless

The noble band of the S. E. S.

GENERAL GORDON'S DEATH.

Like a thunderclap to the passer by,

When the sun shines forth from the azure sky,

So the news of the mighty Gordon's death,
Made millions to weep and pant for breath.

From tremulous hands the message was hurled,
With lightning speed it astounded the world !
It flashed from the ill-fated city Khartoum,
"Like the baleful light of impending doom."

It sped through the sea to our Austral land,
Spread sorrow and wailing on every hand;
We strayed to and fro in grief and dismay,
Like clouds in the sky on a wintry day.

We hoisted half-mast the flag Union Jack,
And solemnly draped our churches with black;
True emblems of love, deep sorrow and pain,
For the christian hero who the Arabs had slain.

We wept that a British heart was not near,
To hear the mighty man's parting prayer,
Did he murmur at Britain's part in his death ?
Did he pardon her guilt with his latest breath ?

When we think of his death, or hear his name,
Our British blood boils—our souls are aflame !

We burn with just fury to wipe off the guilt,
And avenge the blood fell Arabs have spilt.

For England, our home, and her tarnished name,
We grievously bow our heads with shame.
Alas! that the Isle of the brave and the good
Should have stained her crown with a patriot's
blood.

We would not dishonour the man at the helm,
Whose genius illumines the British realm,
But justly resent the timid delay
That bartered the life of brave Gordon away.

We mourn for the cause that mars the good fame
Of Gladstone "The old man's" illustrious name;
But now would atone for Gordon's sad fate,
By hurling from power our rulers of state.

Though Gordon be dead, he died not in vain,
His memory shines like the sun in the sky,
And millions will rise in the blaze of his train,
To live for the right and for it to die.

SONG OF WELCOME
TO THE NEW SOUTH WALES CONTINGENT ON
THEIR RETURN FROM THE SOUDAN.

Metre—"Auld lang syne."

Come friends of Austral's sunny land,
To-day your voices raise,
To welcome home our soldier band,
And sing their well-won praise.
With valiant hearts and courage brave
Our boys went out to fight,
Across the ocean's raging wave
For Britain and the right.

When news arrived that in Khartoum
Brave Gordon had been slain,
We proffered to avenge his doom,
And wipe away the stain.
With inborn courage our brave boys
Obeyed their country's call ;
For the Soudan they left home joys,
To conquer or to fall.

It was not lust for high renown
That made their bosoms swell ;
But deep affection for the crown
Their fathers loved so well.
With noble hearts devoid of fear,
They all went out to save
That crown's repute, and shed a tear
On Gordon's sacred grave.

In honour of their safe return
Our banners gaily fly,
With grateful pride our bosoms burn ;
Our greetings rend the sky !
Our festal rites have been prepared,
And all would gladly serve
To pay the cherished rich reward
Our gallant boys deserve.

We hail you back, though Britain's name
Was not avenged by you,
For you have won undying fame
For us as Britons true,

Your deed has sent a loyal thrill
Through every British land,
That with its touch for ever will
Unite them heart and hand.

MY LOVE'S HEAVE OH!

Music by Herr Gollmick.

Off Hobson's Bay in days gone by,
There lived a maiden fair
Whose steps my oft reverted eye
Watched day by day with care.
Her lover had been long at sea
To whom she'd pledged her heart and
hand,
And oft his name on bended knee
She wrote upon the sand.
At last I saw a ship pass by
And heard the maiden cry—
"Hark! hark! heave oh!
I hear my love's heave oh!"
And then in accents sweet
I heard him oft repeat—

“My Amy dear I’ve come to thee, I’ve come, heave
oh !

To put a golden band
On thy pretty snowy hand,
And to claim thee, beauteous maiden, for my wife,
heave oh!

The sun shone on that snowy hand

At noon a certain day,
And danced upon the golden band

That made the scene so gay.
At eventide within a nook
Half-hidden from the eye of man,
Beside a sparkling playful brook,
Their wedded life began.

Their bosoms heaved, the cottage rang
With these sweet strains of love.

“Hark ! hark ! heave oh !
I hear my love’s heave oh !”
In accents loud and sweet
I heard him oft repeat—

“My Amy dear I’ve come to thee, I’ve come, heave
oh !

To put a golden band
On thy pretty, snowy hand,
And to claim thee, beauteous maiden, for my wife,
heave oh! "

A score of years have come and gone,
Since that eventful day ;
But yet the love that made them one
Has never died away.

Whenever he returns from sea,
Their tale of love is told,
And both unite their minstrelsy
To sing that song of old—

The song whose fount is never dry—
Love's fount of days gone by,—

" Hark ! hark ! heave oh !
I hear my love's heave oh ! "

In accents loud and sweet
The sailor doth repeat—

"My Amy dear, I've come to thee, I've come,heave
oh !

To put a golden band

On thy pretty, snowy hand,
And to claim thee, beauteous maiden, for my wife,
heave oh ! ”

THE WERRIBEE DISASTER.

“A SAD MISTAKE.”

With a throbbing heart, and stifled breath,
The poet would record how the “Angel of Death ”
Rode stealthily onward, his thirst to slake,
On the fleeting wing of a sad mistake.

At Werribee Station, with vain delight,
A maid was in charge one cold murky night,
Her father’s command was her sole desire,
As she placed her hand on the fluttering wire !

“Angel of Mercy,” breathe into her ear,
“The special is gone, the line is not clear ! ”
One word would suffice ere the mischief is done,
Alas ! her hand trembles, the message is gone !

Gone ! swift as a ray from the orb of light,
Gone ! like a thief ’neath the mantle of night;

Gone ! like the lightning that darts from the cloud ;
Gone ! to envelop brave men in a shroud.

The message is read, and given to Craik,
Who glanced at the words of the fatal mistake ;
And swift, without pause, at the signal "All right,"
He blew the shrill whistle, and took to his flight.

That " some one had blundered " he thought not at
all,

But, like a good servant obeyed duty's call ;
And hurried along through the cold drizzling rain,
To clear the line for the "Special Goods Train."

Brave Kitchen was also impelled with the thought
Of clearing the line, so he skilfully wrought
To reach " Little River " in time for Craike's train,
But death's stream he crossed ere he reached it
again.

My life blood runs cold, my heart fails within,
When I picture the trains, their speed and their din,
As on the same line with uttermost might,
They near each other through the darkness of night.

As the eye of the tiger is hid by the way,
In the thick ambuscade till he jumps on his prey,
So the glare of the lamp in front of each train;
Was hid by the darkness, the mist and the rain.

At last it is seen, but alas! 'tis too late,
To avert a collision, a horrible fate;
F'orce drives against force in a wild rushing pace,
And the engines plunge into each other's embrace.

They staggered, and rocked, and thundered away,
The steam hissed and foamed, as it rose in wild spray,
And the frail splitting cars mixed the noise of their
 strife

With the groans of the dying departing this life.

By the light of a lamp, outstretched on the ground,
The mortal remains of a mother were found;
Craik also, with death-wounds, unable to stand,
And Kitchen at rest, with the "staff" in his hand.

That hand, once so skilful, and which is to-day
In the cold, silent grave, mouldering away,

To our vision still clenches that sign of command,
And we whisper, "He died with the staff in his hand"

Yes! two of the best of the sons of our land
Were stricken, though each held a staff in his hand;
And we'll mourn for the loss in our homes evermore,
Till we meet them again on eternity's shore.

But yet, while we grieve for the loss thus sustained,
We know that by faith they eternally gained;
Bright angels received them to that better land.
They lived in the faith with God's staff in their hand.

Take lesson, each person in life's busy throng
Bears with him a signal for right or for wrong;
So comrades be true to the right, and beware!
Lest you may lead others to death and despair.

TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

*Lines written on the presentation of a diamond ring to Mr. H. Lewis,
Loco Foreman, on the occasion of his removal from Bendigo to
Ballarat, by the Railway Employees of Bendigo.*

My dear Sir, to-night we meet at ease,
A grateful few of Railway employees,

To pay the honour that is richly due;
And give a token of respect to you.

The gift is small, we know, 'tis but a ring;
But then it is a precious little thing,
See the costly di'mond, rare gem of old!
Glitt'ring like a star in a bed of gold.

Take the artistic ring into your hand,
Examine well its massive golden band;
And read the words inscribed there to your
praise

In the light of the di'mond's dazzling rays !

Accept it, Sir, and may it ever be,
A precious heirloom in your family;
A true memento, and a symbol clear,
Of well-won honour, and of friendship dear.

And now with deep regret we bid adieu!
The gift, henceforth, will speak of us to you ;
And to your children it will ever tell,
Their father did his duty—did it well.

THE STORY OF THE CONFERENCE.

*An impromptu and humorous rhyme recited at the Banquet, given at the
close of the Conference of the Victorian Railways Service
Mutual Association, in March 1886.*

Come, listen my comrades, with patience to-night
To the Railway poet's truthful narration,
Of the "Conference" held with such pomp and
delight,
For planning some new reformation.

From the north and the south, the east and the west,
We came to this great Melbourne city;
Each delegate bent on doing his best
To show himself clever and witty.

The first day we met, each wanted to speak,
To get his name seen in your papers,
But I said, halt, boys! it will take us a week
With so many fluent debaters.

So we settled to work like men of good sense,
Each member compressing his story;

Wishing no more as his recompense
Than getting his share of the glory.

Both early and late we spoke for the right,
Or a true scheme of social progression;
We sometimes waxed hot, and were willing to-fight
For what we would term a concession.

The country folks fluently vented their spleen
On the curse of centralisation,
They warmly affirmed, it was plain to be seen,
That our Council had caught the infection.

We differed, of course, in doctrine or creed.
On all the business sheet issues,
But strange, on this point all members agreed
That greed is the noblest of virtues.

One man in our midst was versed in the law,
And worthy the *sobriquet* 'master',
Oft-times his keen eye detected a flaw
That might have caused us a disaster.

While all my good friends had plenty to say,
Some proved themselves clever debaters,

And could with true courage work up their way
To join our great legislators.

These men were, of course, all chosen to wait
On our masters as a deputation ;
And others who wished to see Mr. Speight,
Were welcomed to join the procession.

On entering, I said, now the moment is nigh
To test our confederation;
But I saw at a glance, by Mr. Speight's eye,
He would treat us with due moderation.

His colleagues and him let us cheer to-night,
For their kind and unbiassed reception;
And let us henceforth stand firm for the right,
And our great Association.

AUSTRALIAN PIONEER'S LAMENT.

In Rosalind Park on a bright summer's day,
Underneath its evergreen trees,
Where deep shadows chase one another away,
As the branches wave in the breeze ;

A venerable man with his hair white as snow
Sat musing alone on the ground ;
He whispered—" I'd give all the world for to know
Where friends of old times may be found.

"It seems but a day since, a gay youthful band,
We first set our feet on this shore,
With hearts full of hope to return to that land
Where we had lived happy of yore.
We climbed Austral's hills like the nimblefoot roe,
And leaped o'er its creeks with a bound;
But now I am old and bewailing to know
Where friends of old times may be found."

"Their faces were bright as the light on the sea,
Their hearts truly noble and good;
And with them my gold-seeking life was as free
As the bird's that wings through the wood.
Beside our camp fires our hearts were aglow,
As each mirthful story went round;
But now I am old and bewailing to know
Where friends of old times may be found."

I grasped the worn hand of the old man and said—

“A few of thy old friends live on

But most of the brave pioneers are dead;

And soon all that's left will be gone.”

“Yes, brave men” said he, as he lifted his hand

To wipe the hot tears from his eyes,

“Son, honour the men who have founded this land;

I'll meet them ere long in the skies.”

BIDDING TOO HIGH FOR GOLD.

We live in a land where young and old

Are tempted to bid too high for gold,

Yea, thousands would sell—and some have sold

Their precious souls for the dazzling gold,—

Health, honour and comfort—noble train—

Are oft thrown away for hope of gain,

So kindly I'd ask both young and old,—

Do you bid too high, my friends, for gold ?

The miner who sinks and drives for gold,

Through crystal rocks 'midst dangers untold,

In dynamite fumes and impure air—
Till his temples throb, his dazed eyes glare
As if aflame,—which denotes the strife
That works unseen in the seat of life,—
And all for gain, ah ! need it be told
That he has to bid too high for gold !

The beautiful maid with mirthful eyes,
Whose heart is set on a golden prize,
May find some day a treasure of gold
By wedding a man decrepid and old ;
But she may pine away at the goal
And the fires of love die in her soul,
To such I'd say—be wise and behold ;
The bid is too high, fair maid, for gold !

The worldling, whose sunny hopes invite
Him on to pursue each day and night
Some selfish scheme for personal gain,
Till sleep departs from his weary brain,
And avarice blunts his sense of right,
And fills his soul with the fiends of night ;

As he stoops to cheat his friends of old,
Bids much too high for the dazzling gold !

Arise, my friends, march into the light
Of reason and conscience, of truth and right,
Ye masters, attend to the miner's health,
Esteem his one treasure above your wealth ;
And you, pretty maid, don't waste life's span
By marrying gold instead of a man,
A warm-hearted man, true, pure, and bold,
Is better for you, fair maid, than gold !

To all I would say, be true to God,
And walk in the path great men have trod,
Be stewards of good for Him alone,—
Fulfilling His will and not your own.
Using the world with the grand design
Of making men better—more divine ;
And you shall possess, and ever hold,
A nobler treasure than this world's gold !

IN MEMORIAM.

With a sad heart and thrilling nerve,
A mother left her home of joy,
To visit her afflicted boy
And with a mother's care to serve.

The two hearts met—transporting sight !
She held him to her heart once more
As she had done in days of yore,
And nursed, caressed him day and night.

Her life made his more strong to run,
His eye lit up more bright and fair,
But oh ! the eye that watched him there
Grew weaker, like the setting sun.

She swiftly sank and round her bed
Her loved ones sought a smile or word,
Alas ! she neither saw, nor heard
The tears they wept, the words they said.

But ah ! until death's curtain fall
She prayed to Christ, her soul's great choice

And with her last expiring voice
Exclaimed in rapture—"Christ is all."

Yes! Christ is all that's good and fair
To your fond mother's heart to-day,
But oft methinks she looks this way
To beckon you to meet her there.*

BIRTHDAY ODE.

*Lines written to Mr. and Mrs. Norton, on the 21st birthday of their
eldest son, Edward Jess, March 6th, 1886.*

Our dear Jess,
With gratefulness
We keep thy natal day,
This one, dear son,
Makes twenty-one
We've hailed with spirits gay.

From year to year,
With hope and fear
Our hearts have followed thee,

*The above lines were written in memory of Janet, the beloved wife of James Downes, Bendigo, who died at Shiel Street, Hotham, Melbourne, on August 10th, 1885. She was suddenly called to Melbourne to nurse her second son; while he slowly regained consciousness and rallied, she was laid down with the same fever, and for ten days tossed about in delirium, quite unconscious to her family, only holding sweet communion with God, her last audible words being: "Christ is all."

And now with joy
We see our boy,
A man as man should be.

Remember son,
Our task is done,
Thy will henceforth must lead;
So may the right
Be thy delight—
In thought and word and deed.

Love's token we
Now give to thee,
On this thy natal day,
The gift will prove
Thy parents' love,
When we have passed away.

EPITAPH.

*Lines presented to Mr. and Mrs. Read. Bendigo, on the death
of one of their sons.*

“Gem of our hearth,” our darling son—
By thee our God, was called away;
Though hard to part, help us to say,
With bleeding hearts—“Thy will be done.”

THE WRECK OF THE "LY-EE-MOON."

A few days ago at the hour of noon,
I gazed from the wharf at the Ly-ee-moon,
Until the embarking and parting were o'er,
And the ship had steamed far away from the shore.

All nature seemed glad below and above—
An emblem of peace and friendship and love;
The ocean breathed soft as a babe on the breast,
And the sun smiled upon its waters at rest.

The hearts of the voyagers heaved with pride,
As the ship pressed on through the shining tide;
Their spirits within, like nature without,
Were joyful and free from misgiving or doubt.

Some pictured a sunny season to roam,
And others pourtrayed love's greetings at home;
But alas! those hopes and fancies so bright
Were stilled in death on the morrow's night.

It was not the sea, nor the mighty force
Of winds, that drove the good ship from her course,

But the thoughtless, reckless word of command,—
The power that moved the good helmsman's hand.

She speeds for the land, ah! are they asleep?
See how the breakers shout and foam, and leap!
See the lighthouse's revolving radiant light,
Flashing its warnings through the gloom of night.

How dreadful the thought! she still steams on!
A minute! a moment! and all will be gone!
Alas! with a groan and a crashing shock,
She parted in twain on the crest of a rock.

What pen can depict that sorrowful sight?
The struggles for life on that mem'able night;
The cries of despair, and the deaf'ning roar
Of the angry surf on the rocky shore.

Drenched by the billows on a chilly night,
Shivering, praying, for a gleam of light,
Hoping! despairing, in the blinding spray,
Their bodies benumbed, life ebbing away.

The sea boiled and raved and foamed round the
wreck,

And leaped in its fury right over the deck,
And swept seventy-one into watery graves,
Ere the dawn had risen on its ruffled waves.

Yet brave men were there, whose efforts to free
Their kin from death's grasp in the pitiless sea
Should ever be praised, and their names enrolled
On history's page, in letters of gold.

On the heaving, dashing, angry wave,
With courage they struggled others to save,
Nor struggled in vain; a few reached the land
Through the daring deeds of that gallant band.

Kind-hearted heroes, devoted and true,
This tribute of praise we offer to you;
Enshrined in our hearts you shall live evermore,
To brighten the gloom of that once fatal shore.

Ye desolate ones whose homes have been left,
Of mothers, fathers, and children bereft,
Accept this sweet balm for sorrowful years—
The sympathy, love, of a nation in tears.

July, 1886.

THE LY-EE-MOON BELL.

At Cape Green while the day
Chased the darkness away,
A grateful man knelt on the sand;
With soft glistening eyes
He looked up to the skies,
As if seeing an *unseen* Hand.

“God, I thank thee, said he,
That Thou hast saved me,
Whilst others fill watery graves,”
Then he rose as the knell
Of the Ly-ee-moon bell
Came dolefully over the waves.

As he stood there spell-bound,
With deep awe at the sound,
The gloom overwhelming his soul,
Ere the echoes had died
There came over the tide
Another sad tremulous toll.

And with each beating surge,
The sad funeral dirge
Of the bell through the drowsy air ran;
Its dull vibrating dong,
As it travelled along,
Said, "mourn for the frailty of man."

Ah ! the deep sounding knell
Of the Ly-ee-moon bell,
Which tolled for the souls that are gone,
Will re-echo with dread
In the homes of the dead,
As the years roll mournfully on.

A POET'S APPEAL FOR HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

[20th Oct. 1888.]

"WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?"

What will you give ? what will you give ?
To help the weak and the suffering to live;
Sisters and brothers beseech you to day,
To answer this question—do not delay.

What will you give to lighten the grief
Of widows and orphans who call for relief?
What will you give to brighten the day
Of those who are wearied in life's rugged way.

What will you give to show your regards
For those who are maimed, in our hospital wards ?
Racking with pains, gasping for breath,
Fighting for life, struggling with death;
Nearing the end of "life's little day,"
Breathing their last precious moments away.
Will you not give a small token to prove
That they have a place in your pity and love?

What will you give to wipe the hot tears
From eyes that are dimmed with the labours of years?
What will you give to replenish the home
Of those whose frail limbs are too feeble to roam ?
Ponder this question, and give what you can,
Prove yourself worthy the honoured name—*MAN*,
Our noble Asylum demands your care—
Ven'erable mothers and fathers are there.

Give to the feeble whilst you are strong—
Pity their weakness, help them along.
If you are willing that they should be fed,
Gladly contribute to purchase them bread;
Someone must pay for the comforts they need,
Someone must love, not in word but in deed;
Would you make our sires objects of care?
Then heartily, freely, contribute your share.

Give like the dew and the rain from on high,
Give like the sun that illumines the sky;
Give like the streams that nourish the fields,
Crowning our harvests with bountiful yields.
Give like the Christ who died for our race—
Gave Himself freely that we might have grace;
Give with compassion, give all that you can,
From love to your God and your fellowman.

ONLY A WEE PENNY, BOYS.

*Dedicated to the Committee of the Victorian Railways' Mutual Benefit
Society, 30th October, 1888.*

Only a wee penny, boys,
A penny each per day ;

Only a wee penny, boys,
Will keep the wolf away.
List to my invitation,
Boys, to yourselves be true,
Come, join our combination,
This club was formed for you.

CHORUS.—Only a wee penny, boys,
A penny each per day,
Only a wee penny, boys,
Will keep the wolf away.

Come, make due provision, boys,
For life's dark rugged ways,
Clouds will overtake you, boys,
And bitter, wintry days.
Health, like a tender flower,
Will fade and die away ;
Then store while you have power
For sickness and decay.

CHORUS.—Only a wee penny, boys.
Why should you go begging, boys,
In this fair, golden land ?

Why stoop to receive, boys,
From charity's cold hand ?
Come, take a manly pleasure,
A true and honest pride,
In saving at your leisure ;
And for your wants provide.

CHORUS.—Only a wee penny, boys.

Think of your loved ones, boys,
Who look to you for bread ;
You cannot earn it, boys,
When sick and in your bed.
So join our club, be manly,
Bring honour on your name ;
Subscribe each day a penny,
To shun a pauper's shame.

CHORUS.—Only a wee penny, boys,
A penny each per day ;
Only a wee penny, boys,
Will keep the wolf away.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

*Lines written to the memory of Mr. Robert Ross Haverfield, one of
our oldest pioneers, and late editor of the "Bendigo Advertiser."*

Another life of seventy years is done—
Another pioneer is dead and gone—
One of the few who, with unflinching hand,
Toiled for the progress of our Austral land.

With heartfelt grief we bid the last farewell,
To one who wielded his free pen so well,
For five decades, to model our young state
In all that makes a nation free and great.

He never stooped to use his privileged pen
To wound or scandalise our public men ;
But led them gently with a friendly zeal
To nobler efforts for our common weal.

The image of a kind and humble mind
Is stamped on every line he left behind ;

His thoughts and words so gentle and discreet,
Bear not a trace of pomp or vain conceit.

His works in verse or prose need no defence,
The "eloquence of truth" and common sense
Shine through them all, and with bright radiance
gleam,
Like shining sunbeams on a lucid stream.

The debt we owe to him no man can tell,
Nor measure the sweet influence that fell
With might increasing, from his mind and pen,
For right and justice to his fellow-men.

Alas ! the hand that held the torch so long
To lead us on to battle against wrong ;
Is stilled in death, and now we weep in vain
Its "kindly light" to lead us on again.

We would not, cannot gild his well-earned fame,
Nor add one glory to his honoured name ;
His name will ever live in hearts enshrined—
As guide and teacher, brother of mankind.

THE ODDITIES OF ODDFELLOWS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Give heed my good friends, to an Oddfellow's song,
The subject, you know the bard would not wrong,
So in it you'll find, if you read it with care,
How very peculiar true Oddfellows are.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, true to the name,
We love it, we honour the source whence it came,
We walk in the paths our fathers have trod,
And cling to the right, our Queen, and our God.

Odd we must seem in a world full of strife,
Where love is so rare and hatred so rife,
For we love one another in word and in deed,
And daily conform with the truths of our creed.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

Odd in our homes, odd in the street,
Odd in the Lodge where we frequently meet,

Odd in our ways, spirit, and mind,
Odd when compared with the rest of mankind.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

Odd in the warmth of our love for our wives,
For we sacrifice self to encircle their lives
With kindness and plenty, and daily look on
To their wants when we are departed and gone.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

Odd in our homes—where our children are taught
The value of comforts by abstinence bought,
Their lives are thus fashioned by our good plan,
In thrift and in all that ennobles a man.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

Our offspring grow up self-reliant and good,
And manfully toil for their raiment and food,
Adding each day a small mite to their store,
Spurning to knock at cold charity's door.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

Odd in the Lodge, odd in the street,
In principle high, in language discreet,
Modest in manner, yet standing erect ;
Guarding our honour with true self-respect.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

Odd in the State, for we joyfully yield
Obedience to those appointed to wield
The sceptre of power, and never betray
The loyalty due to Her Majesty's sway.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

Odd in our love, for we would embrace
Mankind as a whole—the great human race—
Bondsmen and freemen, dusky and white,
And lead them to paths of progress and right.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

In charity odd, for we list to the cry
Of widows and orphans, and hasten to dry
Their sorrowing tears, and give what they need,
Regardless of colour, country, or creed.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, &c.

We long for the day, when our virtues shall run
Throughout the wide world like the rays of the sun,
And nations shall dwell in oneness of mind,
And brotherly love sway the whole of mankind.

CHORUS.—For we are Odd-fellows, true to the name,
We love it, we honour the source whence it came,
We walk in the paths our fathers have trod,
And cling to the right, our Queen, and our God.

EPITAPH.

Rest, loved one, rest, thy race is run,
The goal attained, life's sorrows done;
And though we weep we'll not complain,
Our loss, to thee is lasting gain.

"BENDIGO" AND "GOLD."

When I was but a youth in Britain's lovely Isle,
Living in the sunshine of a mother's loving smile,
Cheerful as a sunbeam, nimble as the roe,
I heard the thrilling news of the gold of Bendigo.

It echoed in the streets, it floated in the air,
Bendigo and gold were talked of everywhere
By men of every station, the aged and the young ;
It clung to every heart, and fell from every tongue.

In colleges and schools the students closed their
books,
To hear the tale of gold with dazed amazing looks ;
And toilers spread its fame as they wandered to
and fro,
All talked by day and dreamed by night of gold and
Bendigo.

From busy marts of commerce, they spread abroad
its worth,
Till Bendigo was known in every land on earth ;
And sons of every nation prepared the way to go,
That they might see the golden hills and rills of
Bendigo.

Many noble Britishers felt the magic spell,
And left their happy homes and those they loved
so well ;

And though they shed a tear and felt the parting
woe,

It seemed but light when once compared with gold
and Bendigo.

While tossing on the billows before the raging wind,
And throwing loving glances to those they'd left
behind,

Their heart-aches disappeared when sailors cried,-
"Heave oh" !

And all jumped up to set the sails for gold and
Bendigo.

But now, alas ! for years the magic, potent name
Of **Bendigo**, has lost its universal fame,
And men in other lands who used to praise it so,
Have nearly all forgotten the name of Bendigo.

So let us now reclaim the name of Bendigo.
And [spread the news abroad, that all the world
may know
The name is still alive, and potent as of old,
For these two words are synonyms—"Bendigo"
and "Gold."

CHARITY.

SONG FOR EASTER FAIR.

[22nd. APRIL 1889.]

The noblest thing on earth to-day
Is charity, it wipes away
The scalding tears from human eyes,
Removes their sorrows, stills their sighs.

It pities weakness, covers sin,
And soothes the troubled breast within ;
Uplifts the sin-scar'd drooping head,
And counts the erring past as dead.

'Tis like the dew that falls by night,
With seeming care and fond delight ;
In spots unseen by mortal eye,
Where thirsty flowers droop and die.

'Tis like the sun whose beams so bright,
Fill every humble cot with light,
And enter softly to dispel
The mists that chill the prisoner's cell.

Of all the virtues we possess
None equal thee in nobleness ;
Thy words, thy deeds, thy radiant grace
Must ever take the highest place.

Where'er thy angel footsteps tread,
The poor are clothed, the hungry fed ;
And sinners who, in darkness grope
See in thy face a ray of hope.

In charity and love sublime,
In ages past at Easter time,
Christ suffered, died on Calvary's tree,
To purchase life for you and me.

And can we rightly celebrate
That death, and yet not emulate
His matchless love, His wondrous grace,
In deeds of kindness to our race.

Can food and raiment be denied,
To those for whom our Saviour died ;
Friend, put this question to your heart,
And you'll perform a noble part.

In His great name alms-houses rise
In every land to greet the skies,
Where sisters, brothers of our race
May find a home and resting place.

Two of these homes stand side by side,
Our city's pardoned boast and pride,
There, needy ones and those who pine,
Find sweets of charity divine.

And now the poet sounds the call
Of charity to one and all ;
Come old and young, to-day be true,
And give to charity what's due.

Thank God that you can give a share
To swell the gains of Easter Fair ;
Give with a pitying heart your mite,
And you'll be blessed in doing right.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Good-bye dear mother, dear mother, good-bye."

Four sisters and brother, whose love could not save
Their mother from death, stood over her grave,
With pitiful looks they gazed on the mound
O'er which sorrow's teardrops fell to the ground,
But one of them trembled and shook like the leaf
That's lashed by the storm, and in her deep grief,
Her heart seemed to break as she uttered the cry—
"Good-bye, dear mother ! dear mother, good-bye" !

She'd taken the last fond look at the face
Where love always beamed with such amiable grace,
The face of her mother, yea, one of the best
That death ever hushed and pillowed to rest,
A mother indeed, not a mother in name ;
A mother whose goodness shone always the same,
And she rocked with grief as she uttered the cry,
"Good-bye dear mother ! dear mother, good-bye." !

*Lines written in reference to a touching scene which occurred at the Ballarat Cemetery on the occasion of the burial of the late Mrs. A. Miles, who was deservedly esteemed and beloved by her children, and by all those who had been witnesses of her genuine piety and exemplary life.

Frail one, her fond mother had been her chief stay
For many long years in life's rugged way,
And though now a woman in stature and grace,
She mourned like a child for her mother's embrace.
But the once tender arms there motionless lay,
And the love-heaving breast unconscious as clay ;
This thought rent her heart as she uttered the cry,
"Good-bye dear mother ! dear mother good-bye" !

The mourners who followed the bier and the pall
To pay love's farewell, the last tribute of all,
To one whose sweet life had been spotless and
 bright,
As that of an angel who moves in the light ;
All sympathised, wept with that grief-stricken maid
Around the dark grave where her mother was laid,
And each heart in silence re-echoed the cry,
"Good-bye dear mother ! dear mother, good-bye !"

Her cry thrilled my heart for one dear to me,
For I have a mother far over the sea,
Whose highest ambition and fondest delight
Consisted in leading her son to the right.

I yearn oft to see her, but know it is vain ;
Alas ! we shall never meet here again,
So, that with a full heart I respond to the cry,
“Good-bye, dear mother ! dear mother, good-bye !”
But hark ! from the Bible there comes a sweet
 voice,
It bids the sad children of earth to rejoice,
It speaks of a land above sorrow and pain,
Where mourners shall meet with their loved ones
 again,
And dwell, aye, secure from sin and its snares,
Secure from evil foreboding and cares,
Secure from death and the dread words “good-bye,”
Eternally happy in mansions on high.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OPENING.

THE POET'S GREETING.

With proud enraptured hearts and choral lays,
We hail the advent of this day of days ;
The day on which we celebrate the birth
Of “New Britannia,” and her spreading worth

“Queen of the South ! ” with music’s lofty strain,
And cannon’s roar o’er land and surging main,
With British flags in Austral’s balmy breeze
We greet thee, sovereign of the Southern seas

How brief the time that’s passed away,
Since over hills and woodlands gray,
The sound of guns and bugle horn,
Proclaimed the first approach of morn,
For thee, fair land ! so far away,
From social light and moral day !

Thy “primal children” roamed at will,
Unclad, untaught, from hill to hill ;
Unconscious that thy fruitful soil,
Would teem with sweets for skill and toil.

Cloud and river, day and night,
Vernal flowers, air and light,
Sunshine, shadow, heat and cold,
Streamlets kissing beds of gold ;
Seasons, beauty, dew and rain,
Passed before their eyes in vain,

Leaving not a thought behind
To uplift the savage mind.

How wondrous the change ! how vast and sublime
The strides thou hast made in one cycle of time !
To-day vast cultured fields of hoary grain
Wave in the sunshine of thy huge domain,
Thick studded orchards, vineyards, shooting vines,
Homes filled with juicy fruits and sparkling wines,
Unnumbered herds and flocks on grassy grounds,
Cities towering high, where the busy sounds
Of trade and commerce, thrift and enterprise,
Their mingled voices ring through air and skies.

Honoured men from other shores,
Mark our glittering treasured stores,
See metallic gems ablaze !
Open to your searching gaze—
Treasures long in earth concealed,
By our enterprise revealed.

Welcome to our golden strand,
Welcome to our sunny land,

Where the sunbeams dance and play
Under blue skies day by day,
Where our sturdy sons unfold
Hidden veins of precious gold !

Welcome, brothers, good and true !
Heart and hand we offer you ;
Welcome, all our joys to share,
Friendship hails you everywhere.
Nations here dwell as one
Under Freedom's smiling sun ;
Pressing forward to the right,
Like the flowers to the light.

THE WINDSOR RAILWAY DISASTER.

PART I.

*To the Memory of Mr. F. H. Maskell, driver, who died for duty,
11th May, 1887.*

Another of the noble men of earth,
Unknown to fortune and of lowly birth
Has passed away, bequeathing to mankind
The noblest thing a man can leave behind.

What glory rests upon our hero's name ;
See how manhood shines in his deed of fame ;
It is the deed of one whose heart was true
To what a man for other men should do.

No idle stratagem, no selfish thought
For his own life, within his bosom wrought ;
But firm resolve to answer duty's call ;
To live or die and share the fate of all.

His train speeds onward, but, alas ! ahead
He spies the ghastly lights of carnal red ;
Yet he trembles not, betrays no fear,
His strong arm is firm and his eye is clear.

The brake he held in his sinewy hand,
Stood true to the charge of the helpless band,
Who unconsciously sat with faces bright,
When the spectres of death were hov'ring in
sight.

By that single act he redeemed the lives
Of mothers, fathers, husbands and wives,
Who to-day with hot tears and bated breath,
Speak of the glory of our hero's death.

He died for duty, and thus sowed the seeds
Of self-denying, noble, mighty deeds,
The seed that should ennoble heart and mind
And make us all true brothers of mankind.

Exemplar he, my comrades, ye who dwell
With pride on how our noble brother fell,
Take heed to what he did, like him be true
To every trust men may repose in you.

Honour him who died other men to save,
Erect a noble tablet o'er his grave,
That shall to unborn ages ever tell
Brave Maskell did his duty—did it well.

PART II.

*To the Memory of Mr. J. H. McNab, fireman, who died for duty,
11th May. 1887.*

We would not rob McNab, the good and brave,—
The man who nobly fills a hero's grave,—
Of what is due to him who did so well ;
Stood by his leader's side and with him fell.

We cannot tell which should be honoured most,
As each man died at his respective post ;
Death sealed their lips, no voice comes from the
grave,

But we surmise, both died their charge to save.

One manly impulse seized each hero's heart,
To answer duty's call, to do his part
To save his fellow-men, drove death's alarm
Away, and urged and nerved each brawny arm.

So one deep, sacred love, undying, pure,
Proclaims that both their names should e'er endure,
And now the poet with pity mixed with pride,
Would place the lustrous heroes side by side.

Like as the stars shine in the spacious sky,
Unchanged, undimm'd, as centuries roll by,
So from age to age McNab's revered name
Will shine with Maskell's on the scroll of fame.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written to Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell on the occasion of the sudden death of their second son, William Denovan Campbell, Accountant in the Commercial Bank, at Murtoa; who departed this life on the 15th day of October, 1887.

We live within a changeful land,
Where those we love on every hand,
From night to night and day to day
Like fleeting shadows pass away.

When flowers bloom some taste of death,
And fade beneath its blighting breath;
In spring-time leaves from green trees fall,
And oft the fairest of them all.

So, oftentimes a darling son,
In spring of life, the noblest one
Of all the flock, in manhood's bloom,
Is ushered to his mortal doom.

You mourn, my friends, the loss of one
Whose life was fair as morning sun,
As he ascends the spacious sky
With light and gladness in his eye.

He filled your home with light of day,
And drove life's clouds of care away,
In all he did he honoured you,
And to his God and right was true.

He never caused you grief or shame,
But added lustre to your name ;
At home, abroad, through life's short span,
He mirrored forth the real man.

I weep with you that he whose life
Was full of buds of hope so rife
Of promised fruit, should in a day
Decay in death and pass away.

Despair not, friends, his soul sublime
Has swiftly crossed the bounds of time,
To that fair world beyond the tomb,
Where virtue's flowers ever bloom.

Take lesson from his early grave,
Ask God, in Christ, your souls to save,
Then you shall meet when life is done
With your departed, honoured son.

SONG OF FAREWELL.

Song of farewell to Wm. Ramsay Esq., (late Station-master at the Bendigo Railway Station,) on the occasion of his retirement from the service of the Government. January, 1889.

The Railway poet, sad, ill at ease,
Joins with his fellow-employees
Who meet to night
To gaze upon, to bid farewell,
To one we honour, love so well,
A friend of right.

From day to day, from year to year,
Thy inward worth shone forth more clear
Before our eyes.
And now, on this our parting night,
Thy life, with us so fair and bright,
We highly prize.

Alas ! that thy declining age
Should press thee onward off the stage,
Of busy life,
Thy power, so gentle and serene,
Spread peace and love o'er all the scene,
Unknown to strife.

May others learn from thee to use
The powers they have, and not abuse
 Their trusted might.

Power, when led by gentleness—
Makes men aspire with cheerfulness,
 To do the right.

This *token of our love to thee
Accept, and may it ever be
 A symbol clear,—
Of life well spent, of honour won,
Of duties justly, nobly done,
 And friendship dear.

Farewell dear Sir, may peace and joy
And pure love without alloy—
 Be ever thine.

And when thy fleeting days are o'er,
May life be crowned for evermore,
 With joys divine.

*An illuminated address.

THE TEST DAY OF THE YEAR.

[MARCH, 1889.]

Hospital Sunday, we hail thee once more,

With joy intermingled with fear ;

The day on which charity opens her door

To offer her gifts for the year.

We love the great day, yet fear we the test,

Lest the light of the Bendigo press,

Should prove that our love for the noblest and best

Of all human virtues grows less.

The needy and poor beseech us to day

To lessen their burdens of woe,

And angels, methinks, bend over our way,

To number the gifts we bestow.

May love for the poor inspire each heart

To give with a merciful aim,

Worthy the cause in which we take part,

And true to our citizens' fame.

The bounties of God spring up on each hand,

In abundance for each and for all ;

Beauty and plenty encircle the land,
To bless every cottage and hall.
Our rich verdant cornfields wave in the breeze,
Green grasses luxuriantly run ;
And blossoms of hope adorn our fruit trees,
And smile in the beams of the sun.

Those powers of nature, the sun and the sea,
Unceasingly work for our food ;
And whisper each day to you and to me,
"Attend to thy neighbour's good."
Give ear to the kind and unspoken command,
And freely contribute your share ;
With a pitying look and an open hand,
To a cause so humane and fair.

ODDFELLOWS' PICNIC.

Composed by special request.

All lovers of pleasure will hurry away,
To the Oddfellows' picnic on New Year's day,
We'll hie to "Mount Ida," a gay happy throng,
And spend a glad day in laughter and song ;

We'll romp in the fields, we'll dance in the breeze,
We'll play in the shade of evergreen trees,
We'll climb to the lofty peaks of the hills,
And drink from the sparkling, murmuring rills.
We'll leave for a day earth's sorrows behind
To seek health and vigour for body and mind.

REFLECTIONS ON MY ELDEST SON'S WEDDING DAY.

As I stood one bright day with my son and his
bride,
Facing the altar of God side by side,
While a venerable churchman joined them in one
With bonds from the Book, in the light of the sun,
Many thoughts of the past, like angels of light,
Winged through my soul with messages bright,
Revealing, recalling loved scenes in my life
From the day I was blessed with a virtuous wife.

They recalled the glad morn, when a virgin stood by,
With the image of love beaming forth from each eye,

Her pearl-blooming cheeks full of innocent grace ;
Where the pure white lily and rose seemed to chase
Each other in mirthful and frolicsome glee,
So tenderly dear and bewitching to me
As I pressed to my heart her white trembling hand,
And put on her finger a gold wedding band.

Our hearts were then wedded and welded in one,
And now I thank God for the deed that was done,
For down through the years from that day of old,
Our life has been spotless and pure as gold,
The vow that day witnessed by God from above,
Made home to us sacred, a temple of love,
Where no evil spirit shall enter or pry
Till death is commissioned to sever the tie.

The next lovely vision that rose like a charm,
Was a beautiful boy on a mother's soft arm—
Nestling his head on the love-heaving breast
Of a doting young mother, disturbing her rest,
Then a youth at the school with innocent looks,
Turning and tearing the leaves in his books,

Followed with hopes oft mingled with fears ;
Prayed for and yearned for with joy and with tears.

Then on God's holy day to His temple divine
I led him, his tiny hand resting in mine,
And talked by the way of the great Book of light,
Where deep precious thoughts of justice and right
For home and for state, so richly abound,
And all that ennobles mankind may be found :
And I thanked God, in secret, with pard'nable pride,
For the true-hearted son that stood by my side.

Continue my son, to walk in the light,
Hold fast to my counsels, love what is right,
Be true to thy God, be manly and strong,
Fight with thy might against all that is wrong.
Cherish thy wife, let her life be enshrined
In a pure warm heart, a magnanimous mind,
And may all that's noble in man ever shine
Richly, profusely in thee and in thine.

My newly found daughter. my son's honoured wife,
Be true to your vow, live a dignified life,

Blend your sweet will with the will of my son,
Remember, henceforth your hearts should be one,
Fill your new home with every good thing,
Be pure in heart as the gold in your ring,
Then, God and His angels will smile from above,
And crown all your days with blessings of love.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY.

With all our vanity and pride,
We do not know what may betide
Us in a day.

Oft when the world seems full of light,
And health and pleasure at their height,
We pass away.

The lovely child of beauty rare,
The darling son, the daughter fair,
In life's first bloom,
Without a warning voice pass through
The shades of death, are ushered to
Their mortal doom.

Like flowers, this moment blooming fair,
And filling with perfume the air
That lingers nigh ;
The next, with all their glory fled,
Destroyed beneath the heavy tread
Of passers by.

The fairest flowers of our race,
In all their innocence and grace,
We mourn each day.
Who, from the charms of youthful mirth,
And all the transient joys of earth
Are called away.

The rosy lips, the blushing cheeks,
The mirthful eyes, the playful freaks,
The fragrant breath.
How frail they are, how soon effaced,
How swift with pallid hues replaced—
The hues of death.

Ah ! there's a beauty wrought by grace
That death itself cannot efface
Nor fade a line ;

'Tis born of God within the soul,
And permeates and decks the whole
With hues divine.

This beauty, Lord, of heavenly birth,
That shines each day in deeds of worth,
Of love and truth.

Through Thy great Spirit, oh ! impart,
In rich profusion to each heart
Of Austral's youth.

And then, when death's own icy hand
Shall seal the fair ones of our land
Within the tomb :

In heav'n, the soul's sweet rose of love
And the white lily from above
Will ever bloom.

DO YOUR DUTY, DO IT WELL.

A song for Railway men.

Comrades, brothers, Railway men,
Duty calls me to the pen

With no other end in view
But to teach, ennoble you.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band,
Honoured, loved on every hand,
Then, on this injunction, dwell—
Do your duty, do it well.

Pay due homage, one and all,
To stern duty's righteous call,
At her shrine each morning bow,
And aïlegiance to her vow.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band &c.
May her mandates be your choice,
Love the music of her voice
As she whispers day and night
In your conscience, "Do the right."

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band &c.
Labour for the common weal
With a noble, manly zeal,
In the cause of right be strong,
Spurn the thought of doing wrong.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band &c.

If you fill a menial place,
Don't put on a blushing face,
You may be a man of worth
In the humblest place on earth.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band &c.

Worth consists in being true
To the trust reposed in you,
Toiling with your strength and skill,
All your duty to fulfil.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band &c

Sturdy watchmen, perched on high,
Keep a bright and single eye,
Steady nerves, unclouded brains,
As you signal passing trains.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band, &c.

Study well each move you make,
Never suffer a mistake
To deceive or misdirect,
Death may lie beneath neglect.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band, &c.

Drivers, guards, and firemen,
In your flights o'er moor and glen
With living freights, let duty guide
Your thoughts, and think of naught beside.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band, &c.

Watchful be—life is at stake,
Perils hem the way you take ;
Careless acts you can't recall ;
One error might bring death to all.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band, &c.

Porters, ye whose daily lives
Are spent to serve the busy hives,
Of passing crowds, be ever true
To all that duty asks of you.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band, &c.

Be courteous, affable to all,
Kind in word to every call ;
Faithful to your country's cause ;
Worthy of its just applause.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band, &c.

Comrades, listen to my lay,
Manly be in life's short day,
Doing all the good you can,
True to God and true to man.

CHORUS.—Would you be a noble band,
Honoured, loved on every hand,
Then on this injunction, dwell—
Do your duty—do it well.*

EIGHT HOURS DAY.

Come, toilers all,
Obey the call,
Join in the celebration
Of Eight Hours Day,
With spirits gay,
And joyful adulation.

Be firm and bold,
Like those of old
Who won this great concession,

*The above song was read at a social meeting held in connection with the Annual Conference of Railway men, 28th March, 1890.

Keep on the strife,
Devote your life,
To struggle for progression.

Your fathers worked
And never shirked
The toils of reformation.

So follow on
The conquests won,
By deeds of emulation.

They suffered loss
And many a cross
In breaking down oppression;
The fruits of gain,
Bought by their pain,
We hold in rich possession.

The battles fought,
The deeds they wrought,
Call for our admiration;
So let us crown
With high renown
Those heroes of our nation.

Now boys be true,
There's work for you,
Whatever be your station,
With heart and hand,
Join our great band,
The toilers' combination.

ALL MEN ARE SCREWS.

The poet would assert that all men are screws,
And though you may differ from me in my views,
I'll endeavour to prove and establish my point,
That all men are crooked or a bit out of joint.
I've read biographical books by the score,
And studied the men who liv'd here of yore,
Of each nation and tribe, each people and clan,
But never have found an infallible man.

The best men of old were all out of joint,
A little ill-balanced, or weak, on some point,
And so, in our time, an observer can find,
That all are deformed in body or mind.

Each man has a fault that is easily known,
Some personal twist or trait of his own,
That makes him peculiar as on him we scan,
Yet marks the distinct individual man.

The faults of great men, who in prose or in verse,
Gave us rich treasures, we cannot rehearse,
But we find as we read that each had a craze,
That made itself known in his thoughts and his
ways.

We would not decry or try to defame
The men who have won an imperishable name,
But simply assert with all due respect,
That each of those worthies had some slight defect.

Our eminent poets, who woo'd the sweet muse,
Were all in their day designated as screws,
And so in our day all the lovers of song,
Are called crack-brained poets by the practical
throng,
There's something abnormal in every poet's mind,
And though it is easier said than defined,

We would not attempt to take up their defence,
For we know that their songs oft lack in good sense.

All men have defects, are more or less screws,
Preachers, as well as those filling the pews ;
Scientists, teachers, the leaders of men,
Pressmen, who mightily wield the free pen,
Lawyers and judges, versed in the law,
Critics, who labour at splitting a straw ;
All have some bias, are more or less tinged,
With some little craze, are slightly unhinged.

The youth of our land are much out of joint,
Sadly unsound, yea, mad on one point,—
Their seasons for study they wantonly yield,
And sacrifice them for the sports of the field ;
Thoughtless they run after national games,
And glibly extol and honour the names,
Of men who rank high on the cricketing roll,
And those who can kick off a ball to the goal !

With sorrow we take up the pen to accuse
Our sons of being the worst of all screws ;

But duty demands that a word of truth,
Should often be told to reprove our youth.
Perchance it may cause them to think and reflect,
On the loss they incur by this serious defect ;
And lead them to search for the truth and to find
A pleasure in knowledge and culture of mind.

If Austral is ever to shed a bright ray
Of thought in the world, and to show the way,
To statesmen, and thinkers of other lands,
How to loosen the fetters and sever the bands
That enthrall mankind, and engender strife ;
And help on the world to a higher life,
Our disporting sons must be duly taught,
To search for life's joys in fields of thought.

Take heed my young friends, to yourselves be true,
Think of the words of my message to you ;
Let each one be up and perform his part,
Pluck out the evil that gnaws at his heart ;
Fashion his life by the only true light,
God has bestowed to lead to the right ;

Mix duty each day with seasons of mirth,
Be thoughtful of heaven as well as of earth ;
And you will be honoured in doing your share,
Of life's noblest work, screws as you are.

OUR CHARITIES.

[EASTER MONDAY 7th. APRIL 1890.]

'Tis sad to think from year to year,
As Easter time comes round,
That many of our kindred dear
In direst want are found.
Poor, helpless widows toiling on
To find a scanty store
For little ones, their helpers gone ;
Want grinning at the door.

They once were cared for here below
By one who held them dear,
But death came by and laid him low
And left them weeping here.
Their faces wan I seem to see,
And hear their heartfelt sighs,

As they beseech "Remember me,
Do not my wants despise."

The aged with their snowy hair,
And trembling limbs and hands,
Look oft in vain for that sweet care
Their feeble state demands.

Sad thought that we at Easter time,
Can laud the Christ who gave
His life for us in love sublime,
Our guilty souls to save ; —
And yet not strive to emulate
His love in word and deed,
By helping helpless ones who wait
And look for what they need.

If we were touched with love divine,
We'd play a nobler part ;
And charity would spread and shine,
To bless each stricken heart,

Each child may give a single mite,
To smooth the orphan's way ;

And throw a kindly beam of light,
To cheer his cloudy day.

Let each and all this festal day
Aid in the gen'rous cause
To help the weary in life's way
And win their bless'd applause.

THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

The poet's Tribute to the Venerable Archdeacon McCullagh on the occasion of his leaving Bendigo for a trip to England and Ireland.

To one whose life is fashioned by the plan
Of God's ideal of a noble man,
The poet fain would pay the honour due,
Ere he departs and bids us all adieu.

All our citizens his praise attest,
The rich, the poor, the bad, the best,
All see in him a man of high degree,
A pattern of what they would like to be.

For many years this man of God has stood,
A mighty power for our truest good ;

A pattern and a force of truth and right,
A teacher, leader in the highest light.

In him methinks all christian virtues meet,
His life how blameless, pure and replete
Of all we love to see, in those who claim
The right to preach in our great Saviour's name.

He is a noble preacher, full of grace,
With holy radiance beaming in his face ;
His words and deeds are wedded, eloquent,
For God and heav'n a living argument.

Alas ! alas ! our lips must say farewell
To him we have for years lovéd so well ;
But though we part, we'll e'er revere his name,
And cherish, honour his unspotted fame.

THE UNDYING SONG.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1891.]

To-day we celebrate the birth
Of Christ the hope of all the earth,
The Holy one in whom we find,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind.

In Bethlehem true hope was born,
And noblest virtues that adorn
The lustrous page of human lore
Spring from that birth in days of yore.

The ancient song which angels sang,
Till all the fields of Bethlehem rang
With heav'nly sounds, it echoes still—
Peace, Peace on earth, to men Goodwill.

The echoes sweep from land to land,
Join heart to heart and hand to hand,
Give birth to Peace and love's Goodwill,
And gently banish Wrong and Ill.

In prison cells it echoes there,
And whispers through the misty air,
To souls undone, there's mercy still—
Peace, Peace on earth, to men Goodwill.

In hospitals o'er beds of pain,
The echoes of this lofty strain
To wearied souls these thoughts distil—
Peace, Peace on earth, to men Goodwill.

In craggy hamlets, bells of stone,
Resound the song from cone to cone,
As it ascends on wings of morn
From hearts that know that Christ is born.

The Christ who sets the prisoner free,
The Christ whose love for you and me
Redeemed us with great sacrifice—
He gave His life a willing price.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
This song resounds the wide world o'er,
And saints and angels sing above
The birth-song of Redeeming Love.

THE CHARITIES' APPEAL.

A silver coin from all.

[EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 30th. 1891.]

In each succeeding year,
We consecrate this day
To comfort and to cheer
The feeble in life's way ;

So do not, friends, neglect
To answer to our call,
For on this day we do expect
A silver coin from all.

We cannot turn away
The hungry from our door,
We dare not harshly say ; —
“Be off and come no more.”
Our kin who cannot earn
Should all be clothed and fed,
So on this day to you we turn
For means to buy them bread.

A silver coin will throw
A kindly beam of light,
To lessen human woe
And make the world more bright,
For orphans who have lost
Their parents' loving care,
And aged ones who tempest tossed
Their burdens cannot bear.

The deep and mighty sea
Is formed of globules small,
And atoms by affinity
Built our terrestrial ball ;
So mighty deeds are done
When many helpers join,
Each throwing in with pure delight
His little silver coin.

Many a husband dear
Has lost his priceless health,
The poor man's strength and cheer,
His only means of wealth ;
And though we can't redeem
This precious flower of life,
Our coins will throw a gleam
To cheer his home and wife.

So let us one and all
In this great object join,
And answer duty's call
By giving each a coin.

A coin that's often spent
To feed our vanity,
May help to build a monument
To-day for charity.

GORDON'S POEMS.

*Lines handed to Mr. Sinclair, Station Master, Bendigo, on
returning to him a copy of Gordon's poems.*

With gratitude, Sir, I return you this book,
O, yes, I perceive by your questioning look,
You are waiting I see for me to make known,
If my view of the work coincides with your own.
Well, I've read it aloud and list to the chimes
Of Gordon's "Bush Ballads" and galloping rhymes;
And oft felt in fancy I joined in the chase,
And heard cantering hoofs in the whirl of the race.

Some poems truly mirror the sombre and gay,
The pleasures and sorrows he felt in life's way;
Oftentimes did his conscience sting and devour
The peace of his mind in the jolliest hour.

With feelings of pleasure commingled with pain,
I've read these sweet poems again and again ;
For deep underneath all his follies and jest,
The poet was sighing and longing for rest.

Inexplicable man, what mixture, how rife
Anomalies met in his wonderful life :
In intellect strong, yet weak as a child—
In moral restraint, yea, wayward and wild,
Captive of pleasure, yet he seems to repent,
Of good deeds left undone and a life misspent,
One moment he mourns, the next see him yearn
For the sweets of past joys that could ne'er return.

WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP " KEILAWARRA."

With soul-distracting thoughts and heart-felt pain,
Your poet now sings a grievous strain
Of " Keilawarra."

Another freight of human beings slain,
Another ship destroyed—another stain
On our sea-faring men, that must remain
With " Keilawarra."

Two ships colliding on a lovely night
When moon and stars with lustre bright
Shone far and wide.

See ! both steam on with utmost might,
Like wild bulls eager for the fight,
Till one is battered out of sight
Beneath the tide.

I start with terror as I now pourtray
The sickening scene, the dire dismay
That spreads around.

The aged mother, the maiden fair,
Half-demented, with dishevelled hair,
Running wildly they know not where
With frantic sound.

Yea ! stalwart fathers see, with bated breath,
Trembling, fearing the face of death ;
Their courage fail.

The British virtues all depart,
And terror spreads from heart to heart,
Till each, neglectful of his part,
Joins in the wail.

A hollow, frenzied wail of deep despair,
Discordant, thrilling, rends the air.

In vain I try
To give expression to the cries,
The prayers, curses, groans, and sighs,
That mingle madly as they rise
Into the sky.

Pure, lovely little children vainly try
To flee from death, as with a cry
They wildly run.

With outstretched arms they pray and crave
For some strong, willing arm to save
Their life from death beneath the wave,
But naught is done.

Confusion reigns supreme, but there is one
Whose face—as calm as evening sun—
Betrays no fear.

Had others there been brave as he,
All those who perished in the sea
Might now in smiling dwellings be
With kindred dear.

Oh, God, and can it be that one so brave*
Who gave his life a life to save,
Was yet the cause
Of this sad deed of recklessness—
This wreck of life and happiness?
We cannot answer "No" or "Yes"—
We weep and pause.

ADVICE TO RAILWAY MEN.

[25th MARCH, 1892.]

For you, Railway men,
I wield the free pen,
As a comrade, friend, and a brother;
This word of advice,
I give without price,
For I want us to serve one another.

Some years ago,
How long you all know,
We founded a strong combination;

*The Captain.

With pleasure and pride,
We stood side by side,
As we joined our Association.

Our souls were on fire
With a noble desire,
To rouse Railway men from their slumber;
Our objects were told,
Some thousands enrolled,
And threw in their lot with our number.

We worked with our might,
Sought nothing but right,
And gained many righteous concessions ;
For men of all grades,
Conditions and trades,
And amply fulfilled our professions.

A shilling to join,
Each month a small coin,
Is all that we ask from each member ;
Six shillings a year,
Who'll say it is dear,
From January down to December.

A neat monthly news,
With our own precious views,
On all that we hold to be dear,
Is sent without pay,
To all those who may,
Be good on the books for the year.

But sad to relate,
Some thousands of late
Have withheld their small contribution ;
Too stingy to pay,
Too mean, we should say,
To foster our grand institution.

All ye who could shirk
The pay and the work
Of the Railway confederation,
We ask you as men,
To join us again,
Whatever your calling or station.

Come back to the fold,
Our union uphold,
And add to its strength and perfection ;
The day seems at hand,
When all our great band
Will need its full aid and protection.

BENDIGO IN THE SPRING TIME*

Bendigo, fair city, with rapture we would sing
Of all the varied beauties that clothe thee in the
spring.
How charming is the sight, its splendour ever fills
The soul with joy as we gaze along thy golden hills.
Thy graceful foliaged elms, all arrayed in glory
bright,
Swaying in the breezes and in the chequered light ;
Adorning busy streets with nature's youthful sheen
Of tenderness and freshness, and richly tinted green.
The light and fleecy clouds that sail along the sky,
Gilded by the sunbeams like chariots passing by,

*This poem was awarded first prize. Mechanics' Institute Competitions:
6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, December 1892. Poems limited to thirty lines.

Causing alternations of tender light and shade
To move, like rippling wavelets, o'er every hill and
glade.

As spring to spring is added thy beauties grow
apace,

The lawny prospect widens and wears a richer grace,
The trees extend their branches and spread their
crests on high,

Their lovely green leaves glinting on the enraptured
eye.

Around thy halls and villas the dusky foliaged
pines

And fruit trees, rich in blossom and tender shooting
vines,

Are waving in luxuriance on every hill and dale

And, as we gaze admiring, their fragrance we inhale.

Thy lovely parks and gardens, where men, oppressed
by care,

Oft bathe their wearied spirits in beauties clustered
there ;

And lovers whisper softly on floral cushions gay,

Words of bliss while gentle hours like moments
pass away.

Thy charming home of ferns the fairest in the land,
Where but a feeble trace is found of man's toiling
hand ;
Mid rocks and circling aisles, ferns, trees and
flowers mild,
In grandeur intermingle as in their native wild.
And so, on every hand, far as the eye can roam,
Rich fruitfulness and beauty adorn thee, lovely
home.

BENDIGO IN THE SPRINGTIME.*

Fair city of Austral ! thy name is extolled
Throughout the wide world for thy treasures of gold,
But little they know of the praises we bring,
To thy charms as a home, thy beauties in spring.
Thy health-giving air, thy blue smiling sky,
The soft varied beauties that fall on the eye,
The verdures that fill the soul with delight
As thy dwellings are bathed in spring's tender light.
Thy broad polished streets all lined with green trees,

*This poem was awarded second prize in the same Competition as
the preceding poem.

The full-foliaged elms that sway in the breeze,
With their green-coloured leaves that rock to and fro
As they play with the winds that over them blow.
Mansions and villas embosomed in pines,
Dark asphalted walks embowered with vines,
Cool fountains, fair lawns and flowers profuse
Emitting their fragrance, displaying their hues.
O'er vales and green hills small orchards abound,
Unfolding their charms and rich prospects around,
Where blossoms of hope in profusion we see
Reflecting the sunbeams that fall on each tree.
Large park-like reserves with avenues wide
Like rich-pillared halls, hemmed in on each side
By trees shrubs and herbs and flowers so fair,—
The silent resorts of love and of care.
Hail beautiful home ! wherever we turn,
New beauties we see on tree, flower and fern,
They shine on the leaves, on the soft velvet grass,
They shine forth from each budding object we pass,
Which with joy we distil in our souls as we sing
Of Bendigo's charms in the season of spring.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

*Words of sympathy to Mrs. Whidborne on the occasion of the death
of her beloved husband. J. R. Whidborne Esq,
[JANUARY, 1892.]*

To you my neighbour and my friend,
With bitter sorrow now I send,
This little lay.

I mourn the cause that calls from me
These heartfelt words of sympathy,
With you to day.

My object is to give relief,
And lighten your sad load of grief
So hard to bear.

Perchance the knowledge may impart
Some strength to you, that I in heart
Your sorrow share.

I mourn that one so good and kind,
So gentle, pure, in heart and mind,
Has passed away.

Alas ! that he in life's bright bloom,
Should thus be ushered to the tomb,
To death a prey.

Who can conceive the pain, the loss,
The desolation and the cross
It brought to you.

How cheerless all when he is gone,
The husband, father, both in one,
So good and true.

Yet you have hope to cheer your heart,
That he hath found the better part,
In this world's strife.

Death to the saint turns into gain,
By death the Christian doth attain
The perfect life.

May this bright hope bring heav'nly light
To gild the gloom, dispel the night
That chills your heart.

And cause you henceforth to renew
The fight of faith with zeal anew,
Till you depart.

THE BOATING FATALITY IN THE BAY.

Of what we know we often boast,
But those of us who know the most
 Of human life,—
Know most of mysteries unsolved,
Of changes, cares and griefs evolved
 And toil and strife.

Who can foresee a day, an hour,
What may befall, destroy, devour,
 His precious life !
The path is dark, no human ray,
Can light the dangers in the way ;
 Yet they are rife.

Fifteen young men, a youthful band,
The flow'r and pride of Austral land,
 We mourn to day ;
Who, from their jollity and mirth,
And all the transient joys of earth,
 Were swept away.

No shadow crossed their heart or mind,
As they embarked and left behind
 With kind adieu,
Their friends on shore ; but light and gay,
With waving hats they sped their way,
 “A laughing crew.”

How far they went, how near to home,
They glided o’er the snowy foam
 Of ocean’s tide,
We cannot know ; for all was dark,
And shadows wrapt the lonely bark
 On every side.

Alas ! from the deep gloom of night,
Death’s messenger with stealthy flight
 Sped o’er the waves,
And swiftly hurled with deadly pow’r
Those creatures of a mortal hour
 To wat’ry graves.

No human eye beheld the strife—
The last vain fight for their dear life,
 Nor heard the cry

Of wild despair, that fainter grew,
As one by one, they sunk from view
O'erwhelmed, to die.

A nation weeps the tragic blow ;
For noble men were there laid low,
"In life's first stage ;"
True, honoured sons, the light of day
Of many homes, the strength and stay,
"Of weary age."

We weep with them for those who sleep,
Uncoffined in the silent deep,
Yet weep in vain ;
The riven ties we cannot bind,
Nor fill the void they've left behind ;
And nevermore their presence find,
On earth again.

HONOUR THE BRAVE.

All honour to Rogers, the brave,
Whose thrilling adventure to save
His comrade from death

Is talked of in cottage and hall ;
Is list to intently by all
 With short bated breath.

On lightning wings spread it abroad,
Let all the world join us to laud
 A hero so bold !

The name of the man and his worth
Should be known to the nations of earth,
 In lands young and old.

With pride we would dwell on his praise,
And thank him with sweet tuneful lays
 For what he has done !
How daring the deed he has wrought,
How valiant the battle he fought,
 And gallantly won.

Won and saved a man's precious life,
Won a husband back to his wife
 From death's greedy jaws !
A deed so unselfish demands
The praise of all men in all lands—
 A world's just applause.

Let us picture our hero my friends

As down in the shaft he descends,

Beyond human gaze !

Unflinchingly steady, cool to the last,

Cool in the face of each greedy blast,

Four fuses ablaze !

Four heralds of death blaz'd away,

Yet naught could disturb nor dismay

A hero so brave.

Calmly attained he his noble desire,

Rescued and plucked his friend from the fire,—

From death and the grave.

The Grecians and Romans of old

The deeds of brave warriors extolled,

And loved to proclaim

Their valour before mighty throngs,

And praise them with plaudits and songs

And shouts of acclaim.

So nations in these latter days

Give honour, distinction, and praise

To those who are skilled

And brave like those warriors of yore,
Though their laurels drip with the gore.
Of men they have killed.

If those who destroy and devour
Their fellows for gold or for power,
Are worthy of fame,
The hero who wrestled alone,
Saved a life by risking his own,
Is worthy a name.

To-day let his name be enrolled
With heroes in letters of gold,
His merit outshines
The deeds of brave warriors of old,
The lustre of perishing gold,
From Bendigo's mines.

**A SIMPLE RHYME FOR
EASTER TIME.**

[APRIL, 17th. 1892.]

This Easter Fair,
Let's do our share,
To help our helpless mothers,

And orphans small,
Yea, one and all,
Our fathers, sisters, brothers.

For every one
Beneath the sun,
Spring from one common Father,
And live each day
On what they may,
From God's great bounty gather.

Some gather more,
Of earthly store,
Than many of their brothers,
But then they should,
Be true and good,
By caring for the others.

God's blessings fall,
Enough for all,
Throughout the circling seasons ;
But some hearts bleed,
From direst need,
Brought on by many reasons.

We now pass by
The reasons why
For this strange distribution ;
And wield the pen
To urge all men
To cause its diminution.

Let us to-day
Smooth life's rough way
For those who live in sadness ;
Devoid of health,
The poor man's wealth,
His earthly source of gladness.

If all would join
To give a coin
To lessen human sorrow ;
The world would shine,
To those who pine,
Much brighter on the morrow.

Give one and all,
Both great and small,
To swell the needy's treasure ;

Their wants relieve,
And you'll receive
A sweet return of pleasure.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Written for Hospital Sunday, October, 10th. 1892.

Our father above
Enjoins us to love,
And joyfully help one another,
And those who love right
And walk in the light,
Find pleasure in helping a brother.

The poor who pine
Are brothers of mine
In body, soul, spirit and feature,
The same in their birth
And equal in worth—
Possessing the same human nature.

If true to my creed
I'll do a kind deed
To kindred o'erwhelm'd with affliction,

The deed will repay
My toil by the way—
Will bring me God's rich benediction.

The heart will expand
As you take by the hand
The needy, and lessen their sadness ;
The good you impart
Will bless your own heart,
And fill it with sunshine and gladness.

Be thankful, my friend,
That you can extend
Your hand to a weak, helpless mother,
And give joys untold
With silver and gold,
To a snowy-haired, tottering brother.

Be thankful for health,
And give of your wealth
To those who have lost that great treasure.
There's nothing on earth
That's equal in worth
To charity given with pleasure.

Prosperity shines
On our golden mines,
And heaven smiles down on our city ;
So let us be fair
By giving a share
Of God's gifts to these objects of pity.

MY FADED FLOWER.

Written on the death of a beautiful child.

In my home there grew a flower,
Fragrant, sweet, of beauty rare,
Dews and sunbeams every hour
Made my little flower more fair ;
As I watched it night and morning
Opening out its treasure store,
And its petals e'er adorning,
My heart loved it more and more.

Other flowers I had growing,
Objects of my loving care,
Daily spreading out and showing
Lovely hues, but none so fair ;

How I loved this tender flower,
Gazed upon its graceful form,
Kept it from "affliction's shower"
And from every blighting storm.

But in an unguarded hour,
On a dark and wintry night,
Death breathed on my lovely flower
Till it faded from my sight ;
Grief and sorrow, sighs and tears,
Wrapt my soul in midnight gloom,
But hope whispered in my ears,
It would yonder ever bloom.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BROTHERHOOD OF MANKIND.

Long, long ago in rosy youth
I heard from lips refined,
That justice, freedom, love and truth,
Ere long would sway mankind ;

That nations would in peace unite
And bury wrong and strife,
All taking pride in doing right,
And live a noble life.

Since then from many a gen'rous soul
I've heard the same thought fall,
That love would reign from pole to pole,
"And men be brothers all."

But ah, alas! mankind to day
In selfish darkness grope,
And wander blindly from the way
Of this prophetic hope.

The nations multiply the arms
Of war from year to year,
The air is big with dread alarms
Of conflicts drawing near.

Emp'rors and kings with dark intent
Scheme on and plot for strife ;
On greed and so-called honour bent
No thought of human life.

No thought of brothers lying dead
On crimson fields of blood ;
Nor of the orphan's cry for bread ;
No thought of human good.

And so in Austral's sunny land,
Our greed and selfishness
Destroy our peace on every hand,
And foster bitterness.

Men learn to hate their fellow-men,
And soul is shut from soul,
No bond of sympathy is felt,
Distrust pervades the whole.

Our God is mammon, foul deceit
Is practiced day by day,
Corruption stalks through every street,
And eats our strength away.

Like greedy monsters of the deep,
Strong men destroy the weak,
They sow not but they richly reap,
From homes they spoil and wreak.

Oppression, tyranny and shame !

Their filthy streams flow o'er
This land of gold, once high in fame,
And want is at the door.

Strong men in vain oft search for work,
And many a noble wife
Sees want, whose husband would not shirk,
To earn the sweets of life.

How long shall this sad tale of woe
In other lands be told,
That men and women suffer so
Within this land of gold.

Prime bags of wheat in thousands lie
Held back in hope of gain,
While poor men starve who cannot buy
The God-sent golden grain.

The blighting wind of selfishness
Sweeps o'er the mind and heart,
Till all the flowers of nobleness
One after one depart.

May purer winds from heaven blow
The hearts of men to bless,
Then every soul shall be aglow
With love and righteousness.

True righteousness will soon restore
Our confidence ; recall
The good times lost we now deplore
"And men be brothers all."

LINES ON MARRIAGE.

*Lines written on the occasion of the marriage of Timothy
Thomas, Esq., to Miss. R. Miles of Sebastopol, Ballarat.*

Man's not made to go through life
Uncared for and alone
Without a friend, a loving wife,
Life's sorrows to atone.

Man is at best but half a man,
Without a wedded wife ;
Half-hearted, cold, under a ban
Throughout his narrow life.

His heart grows colder day by day
And flowers of nobleness—
Droop one by one and pass away
And mar his manliness.

A wife is like the radiant sun,
She fills the heart with light,
Warms virtue's flowers one by one
And sets the whole man right.

So you to day my worthy friend
Have made your life complete,
Your days henceforth unto the end
Will shine in glory meet.

And you my precious sister fair,
Have joined a manly heart,
That will your joys and sorrows share
And play a noble part.

May faith and hope and peace and love
Be yours for evermore,
Till God shall call you up above
To heaven's blissful shore.

OUT IN THE COLD.

Out in the cold,
Helpless and old,
In the dusk of an autumn day ;
Lonely and sad,
Shabbily clad,
A poor man is wending his way.

Out in the street
Praying to meet
Within our gay city a friend,
One who would say
A word by the way,
And to him a kind hand extend.

Hungry and weak,
When he would speak,
His wrinkled face tinged like a flame.
Too old to work,
Yet he would shirk
To beg, from a feeling of shame.

Noble at heart,
How could he part
With his self-reliance of old ;
How could he greet
Men in the street
And his tale of sorrow be told.

Driven at last
By his long fast,
He knocked at the watchhouse door,
Made an appeal,—
Begged for a meal
And a prisoner's bed on the floor.

Aged and frail,
To the dark jail
They led the old father to dwell,
In the thick gloom,
The living tomb
Of a law-branded felon's cell.

Picture him there,
His snowy hair
And features both withered and wan,

See ! shades of woe
Run to and fro
O'er the face of this honest man.

Too old to roam,
Is there no home
For him at the close of life's day ?
Is there no room,
This side the tomb,
For the poor who suffer decay ?

Ye, who have gold
And joys untold,
And live in your palaces fair,
Think now and then
Of other men,
And the sorrows they have to bear.

Extend your hand,
Manfully stand
By the poor and to them be true.
Constantly prove
By deeds of love,
That their welfare is dear to you.

FLOW AND EBB.

Like the ocean tides that run,
 Flowing, ebbing, to and fro,
All we see beneath the sun
 Run in cycles, come and go ;
Nature, each revolving year,
 In her wide and vast domain,
Flows and ebbs from fair to drear,
 Then turns back to fair again.

Spring bedecks the earth with grace,
 Fills with beauty hill and plain ;
Summer warms her lustrous face,
 Ripens fields of golden grain ;
Autumn gathers in the sheaves,
 Nature's gifts to all mankind ;
Life in winter ebbs and leaves
 Naught but cheerless gloom behind.

Human life, like nature, flows ;
 In the spring and summer tide,

And the youthful bosom glows—
Glow with hope and joy and pride,
Cloudless is the op'ning sky,
Fragrant is the morning air,
Pleasant visions hover nigh,
All is lovely everywhere.

Laughing sunbeams light the face,
Youthful joys shine in the eye,
Life in all its tender grace,
Onward flows as days pass by,
Every object teems with light
In the blooming time of spring,
All the world is fair and bright,
Joys spring forth from everything.

Summer comes, life grows apace,
Manhood shines in ripest light;
Comeliness in form and face,
Now attain their perfect height;
Autumn then turns back the tide,
Winter fades the hues of grace,
Strength and beauty all subside
From the once fair form and face.

Flow and ebb from day to day
Is the law of human life,
Now rich prospects cheer the way
And the joys of hope are rife ;
But, alas ! the sunny light
Of our hope is but a gleam
Of the sunset ere the night,
Or the fancy of a dream.

Folly's pleasures herald pain,
Joys to sorrows often lead,
Health brings sickness in its train,
Causing weary hearts to bleed ;
Like the changes in the sky,
Where the shadows chase the light ;
So life's pleasures bloom and die,
Day is ever linked to night.

Like the dewdrops on the grass,
Like the vapour on the plain,
Earthly pleasures quickly pass,
Never to return again.

Sweetest joys of home are brief,
 Soon our loved ones leave our side,
And we vainly seek relief,
 From the sweeping ebbing tide.

Wealth and power come and go
 Like the weeds on ocean's tide,
All we love and cherish so
 Soon depart and from us glide.
Pride, ambition, worldly fame,
 Praise and honour, vain display,
Like the flickering of a flame
 Quickly die and pass away.

Kingdoms in the ages past
 Blazed a season in their might ;
But their glory faded fast—
 Faded, set in darkest night ;
Great Assyria waned and died,
 Nineveh and Babylon,
Greece and Rome, with all their pride
 And pow'r are for ever gone.

Is there naught beneath the sun
In this world of care and strife
That will ever onward run
To a higher nobler life ?
Is there not a wider scope,
Where the spirit can aspire,
To a never dying hope
That will fill the soul's desire ?

Yes ! the Kingdom of God's son,
Will for ever onward flow,
And the nations, one by one,
Will in grace and goodness grow ;
Faith and hope and joy and peace
Will sweep on from shore to shore,
And through death, life will increase
Stronger, higher evermore.

Lord ! may I this life divine
In my heart and mind possess,
And feel daily I am Thine
As my worldly hopes grow less ;

Life immortal give to me,
Life that cannot ebb or die,
Life to link my soul to Thee,
Now and ever in the sky.

"FOR EVER."

Our life is a mirror,
And from it for ever,
Our words and our deeds stand forth in the light,
Are daily reflected,
Are seen and detected,
The good and the bad the wrong and the right.
We cannot retract them,
We cannot efface them,
For ever they'll stand for our grief or delight.

Whatever is pure,
Will ever endure
To bless human hearts while the world's ages run,
And our imperfections,
Will cast their reflections,
To blight kindred souls when life's journey is done;

The sins that we cherish
And love, will not perish ;
For ever is stamped on our deeds every one.

Our words live for ever,
No power can sever,
From man the words spoken in passion or strife,
To father or mother,
To sister or brother,
To friend or to foe, to children or wife ;
We cannot recall them,
We cannot efface them,
For ever they'll stand in the picture of life.

We may be forgiven,
By earth and by heaven,
But often our evils will scourge us within,
Will turn this life's gladness
To seasons of sadness,
And punish the heart with the sorrows of sin,
They're ours for ever,
We cannot dissever,
Our words from the mind that conceived them within.

Kind words are rich treasures,
They add to life's pleasures,
And leave a sweet impress on face, heart and mind,
They live on for ever,
And bless wheresoever,
Their seeds have been sown in the hearts of mankind.
No foe can displace them,
No pow'r can efface them,
Kind words' fruitful harvest in heaven we'll find.

My friends in life's morning,
Take heed to this warning,
The words daily spoken, the deeds that are done.
The steps you are taking,
The paths you are making,
Will ever be known as yours, each one ;
The good will shine brightly,
Your evils unsightly
Will ever remain, dark spots on life's sun.

THE BEST AND FAIREST FIRST.

*To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Eaglehawk, on the death of their much loved
daughter. Mary, in her 23rd year.*

With you, my friends of many years,
I mix my sighs and sorrowing tears
For one who is beyond recall,
Your fairest child, best of them all.

Your sainted Mary, child of love,
The one you loved and prized above
The other dear ones of your band,
Has left you for the spirit land.

How strange it seems that death should
thirst

To take the best and fairest first
From every home, and so efface
The beauty of each dwelling place.

Yea ! death glides o'er the fields of Time,
And plucks the flowers most sublime,

Transplants them to a sunnier shore,
Where they will bloom for evermore.

Lo ! time is swiftly passing by,
And death is ever drawing nigh,
The hurried race of life begun
In time of birth, will soon be run.

May you and yours tread the way
Your Mary trod throughout life's day,
So that in death, you'll soar above
To join again your child of love.

A BROTHER'S WISH.

*Lines written on the occasion of the marriage of my dear sister, Miss A.
Miles, to Mr. Isaac James, both of Ballarat. 21st Feb., 1894.*

On this thy marriage day,
Accept this simple lay
From one, whose heart has ever wished thee well ;
For thou hast been to me,
And I have been to thee,
For many years, more than tongue can tell.

In childhood's happy days,
In life's more serious ways,
My heart has ever breathed a prayer for thee.
And on this solemn day
I wish thee well, and pray
For thy future that is dark to me.

May God from heaven above,
Make your life a song of love,
By welding heart to heart and soul to soul
With pure affection's fire,
So that each heart's desire
May sweeten life and purify the whole.

The tie needs stronger bands
Than joining of the hands ;
For oft alas ! the marriage tie is riven,
But when the love is pure,
It will strengthen and endure,
Like the never-dying love of heaven.

THE WORLD GROWS COLD.

Written in memory of the pioneers of the goldfields and intended as a prologue to the complimentary entertainment tendered to Mrs. Jones, widow of the late John Jones.

The world grows cold,
For those of old
I loved and honoured so
Are almost all
Beyond recall,
My friends of long ago.

Friends of my youth,
My friends in truth,
Who led me by the hand,
And cheered my way
From day to day
A stranger in this land.

From year to year.
Those fathers dear,
Have left me one by one,
And soon again

Those who remain
Will be for ever gone.

One here and there
With snowy hair
Is left this side the grave,
Of that great band
That blessed this land,
The pioneers brave.

How strong and fair
And young they were,
When first I with them met ;
Their armies bold
In search of gold,
My heart can ne'er forget.

Free as the breeze
That fanned the trees,
We rushed from place to place,
In mighty bands,
Through desert lands,
A fearless, happy race.

Through swamps and creeks
For days and weeks,
O'er hills and mountains bold,
Our souls on fire
With one desire,
To seek the dazzling gold.

O'er trackless plains
In pelting rains,
Through wattle groves in bloom,
And forests wild,
Where flowers mild
Smiled in the silent gloom.

From day to day
We trod our way,
And gossiped as we went,
And ere the sun
His course had run,
Each pitched his canvas tent.

The camp-fire lit,
With joke and wit,

And laughter loud and long,
We sat each night
With faces bright,
A gay and happy throng.

What sturdy men
They all seemed then,
How manly to behold ;
There was no trace
On limb or face,
That they would e'er grow old.

Yet almost all
Like leaves that fall,
When touched by winter's breath,
From life's short day
Have passed away,
Swept by the storms of death.

One of the best
Of those who rest,
We mourn his loss to-night,

One who was true
To all he knew
Of duty, God, and right.

An honest zeal
For human weal
Burned in his manly breast,
With heart and mind
He served mankind
And earned an honoured rest.

Sweet son of song,
Stern foe of wrong,
My late unselfish friend,
I'll sing and praise
His noble ways
And love him to the end.

The fading light,
The shades of night,
They gather round me fast ;
But while I'm here,
I will revere
The heroes of the past.

Since they have fled
To join the dead,
My friends and fathers brave,
Ofttimes this earth
With all its worth
Seems colder than the grave.

LITTLE BOBBY BRUCE'S
DYING REQUEST.

"Never turn a Swaggie from your door."

Wee Bobby Bruce, while on his dying bed,
Though racked with pain raised his weary head ;
And called his loving mother to his side
That he might breathe a wish before he died.
"I have a wish," said he, "within my heart
And I must say it mother ere we part ;"
"This is my last, I will not ask you more"—
"Never turn a Swaggie from your door."

The mother kissed his cheeks and pallid brow,
 And to her little son she made a vow,
 Though sore at heart, with warm tears in her eyes,
 To carry out his message from the skies ;
 And then the noble self-denying mite,
 In spite of pain, looked cheerfully and bright ;
 His life's work was done, and his message blest,
 And his soul prepared for eternal rest.

In these dark days of poverty and need,
 When human hearts from pangs of hunger bleed,
 And men of means combine for sordid gain
 Regardless of their fellow-creature's pain;
 These kindly words may soften many a heart,
 And move the pulse of their better part,
 For God speaks through them from a far off shore,
 "Never turn a swaggie from your door."

To the poor swaggie do the good you can,
 Cheer his sad heart, he is your fellow-man,
 The blessings you enjoy come from heav'n's door,
 - With the poor share them, and their lot deplore ;

Hearken to the message from a dying bed,
Ponder on the words our little hero said,
And while you possess plenty in your store,
"Never turn a swaggie from your door."

Have you ever thought of swaggie's lot at night,
Camping in the cold, the stars his only light,
Lying under trees or in a cattle shed,
Tattered clothes a pillow for his weary head,
Hunger pangs gnawing at his cheerless heart,
Rains and dews and winds benumbing every part,
If you have, my friends, the poet need not implore,
"Never turn a swaggie from your door."

Pity poor swaggie, where'er he may roam,
He once, perchance, enjoyed the sweets of home ;
He has a heart, and feels like you and me,
So let the man your loving kindness see ;
Speak hopeful, tender words to his drooping heart,
And make him feel you grieve with him in part,
Thus he will get a taste of the joys of yore,
And feel a better man as he leaves your door.

And let us all unite to remove the cause
Of this disgrace by framing better laws,
Why let men starve in lands of wealth untold,
Where harvests wave o'er veins of precious gold,
Why should the men who helped to make our wealth,
Be forced to live by begging or by stealth,
Arise ! be men, remove for evermore
This dark reproach—the swaggie at our door.

Take in the light of this celestial ray,
It is prophetic of a better day,
When schemes of wrong, of selfishness and greed
Shall fly before the light of heaven's creed,
And man's humanity shall soar above
Low selfish aims ; and tender cords of love
Shall bind mankind, till earth shall see no more,
A swaggie begging at his brother's door.

IN MEMORIAM.

*Written on the death of Professor Pearson, once Minister of Education
for Victoria.*

Throughout the land our hearts are moved
With sorrow for the dead we loved,
For in his fall
Victoria lost a mighty son,
A learned, wise, and noble one,
Belov'd by all.

Belov'd for his unswerving zeal
In our young country's commonweal
For in his day
With noble aim and clearest eye,
He held the patriot's torch on high,
And led the way.

He strove to banish wrong and strife,
To raise from darkness, mould the life
Of our young state

In righteousness, the pow'r that breaks
Oppression's rod, and truly makes
A nation great.

He was a man of graces rare,
Of sweet affection, virtues fair,
And cultured mind.

He, like the sun, served one and all
With equal warmth, both great and small
Of human kind.

All men were equal in his sight,
All equal in their claim for right,
One in their birth.

He loved the man, and not his gold,
The true in heart, both young and old
Of real worth.

We ask not what his faith or creed,
For faith is seen in every deed
Of truth and love,
A life of self-denying deeds
So rich in fruits, must have its seeds
In God above.

Farewell, loved soul, though thou art gone,
Thy righteous work will still live on,
 For what is best ;
And men thy life will e'er regard
With love, and hope for thy reward
 In God's own rest.

MY MOTHER.

(To my dear Mother with her Son's compliments on her 80th. Birthday.)

APRIL 28th. 1894.

Dear mother, many years
 Have been added to life's race,
Since I saw the parting tears
 Running down thy graceful face ;
Yet, this moment, I behold thee,
 As thou wert at our farewell,
With thy loving arms around me,
 That I now remember well.

There are seven and thirty years
 Since thou heard'st me call thy name ;

MY MOTHER.

But my mother in her tears,
Now appears to me the same ;
Time perchance has changed thy features,
Withered all thy beauteous face,
Yet to me, of all God's creatures
Thou art first in queenly grace.

When I left thee, mother dear,
I was then a ruddy youth,
Led by thee with hope and fear,
In the path of life and truth.
Yet I have not left thee wholly,
For my spirit clings to thee,
And thy words, so sweet and holy,
Ever speak and live in me.

To thyself and God's rich blessing,
I owe all my love for right,
Thou art leading, I am pressing
Onward, upward, in thy light :
Thou art still my guardian angel,
I am thy obedient son,

Living by thy loving counsel
As the rolling years run on.

Thou art ever with me pleading
For my good in tones of grace,
What is right and wrong, I'm reading
In the light of thy sweet face.
Oft I see thee frowning, chiding,
When I think or do the wrong,
But, when in the right abiding,
Smiling, beck'ning me along.

As of yore I see thee praying,
Kneeling at the throne of grace,
With thy pious teardrops shining
Pearly, dew-like, on thy face,
Oft like dews I've felt their power
In this world of care and strife,
Giving strength in trial's hour ;
To the hidden springs of life.

Much I owe to thee, dear mother,
Priceless debt it seems to me,

Take my love, I know no other
Way to pay my debt to thee.
I have loved thee through the years,
I will love thee evermore,
While I cross life's "vale of tears,"
And on God's eternal shore.

IMPROMPTU LINES.

*To Mr. and Mrs. Prosser, Sebastopol, on the occasion of the 36th
Anniversary of their Wedding Day, 9th February, 1895.*

To-day as you look o'er your pathway in life
Of thirty-six years as husband and wife,
We, your ever true friends, now gladly make known
How near is the day of your tie to our own.

In the same month and year, some five days apart,
I gave to my wife my hand and my heart,
And, like you, my friends—from that glad day of
old,
Our lives have been crowned with blessings untold.

Your children and ours have been fountains of love,
And pure as sunbeams from heaven above,
Their names are untarnished, their hearts love the
right,
And daily they fill our homes with delight.

I kneel at this moment at God's "Throne of Grace,"
With soft, grateful tears bedewing my face,
And thank Him for His loving-kindness divine
To you and to yours. to me and to mine.

May He grant you many returns of the day
And grant us the same His will to obey,
And cause His best gifts to encircle the lives
Of our dear ones, and ours—husbands and wives.

May He be for ever our Guide and our Friend,
Through life's rugged path, till it comes to an end,
And, when that end comes, may His message of love
Call us and our children to Heav'n above.

A FATHER'S WISH.

*Lines written on the occasion of my second son (E. M. Pascoe's) marriage
to Miss Polly Greenwood, daughter of L. Greenwood, Esq., of Footscray.*

On this thy marriage night,
The stars of heav'n are bright
And flowers with sweet perfume fill the air.
The shrubs and foliaged trees
Bend to the playful breeze,
And peace and joy are pictured everywhere.

May this an omen be,
My much loved son to thee
And thine, whom thou hast chosen for a wife—
An omen of the peace
And love that will increase
From day to day throughout your future life,
May God in mercy bless
Your home with happiness,
And cause your hearts to ever beat as one—
One evermore to share
In every joy and care,
Till all the changeful days of life are done.

"GOD BLESS RAWEI."

[APRIL, 19th. 1894.]

On the last Sabbath day, as a minister's pray'r
Ascended to Heav'n, through the calm holy air,
He earnestly sought God's guidance and grace
For Rawei, the son of a down-trodden race.

From many true hearts, again and again,
I heard the response of an earnest "Amen ;"
And ever since then, each morning and night,
I ask "God bless Rawei with wisdom and might."

Bless Rawei to carry the Gospel's true light,
To lighten the darkness of spiritual night,
That fills the "King's country", and hangs like a
pall

O'er the homes of the Maoris, debasing them all.

Bless Rawei's strong love for the land of his birth,
And bless him to make it the fairest on earth ;

*A portion of New Zealand occupied by the Maoris.

Bless him to uplift his mother's dark race
In knowledge and truth, in virtue and grace.

Bless Rawei, and help him with Thy Spirit's breath,
To sweep from the land all the powers of death,
And fill it with radiance of faith, hope and love,
And all that pertains to the life from above.

Bless Rawei, till every vale, forest and glen,
Shall daily resound the sweet praises of men—
Men, freed from their dark superstitions and strife,
Praising their God for the blessings of life.

Bless Rawei and Hinie, and make their life bright
By walking and working in Thy perfect light,
Bright as the flowers that smile on each hand,
Pure as the silvery streams of their land.

Bless Rawei and Hinie, and bless evermore
Their people, and teach them to praise and adore
The God of the nations, the Saviour of men,
And trust Him for mercy ! So be it, Amen.

THE POET'S ADVICE—"PUT ON THE BRAKE."

If you would live in peace of mind,
And honoured be by all mankind,
The secret in these words you'll find,
"Put on the brake."

When wicked men beset your way,
To lead your halting steps astray,
Give to this thought its proper sway,
"Put on the brake."

When evil thoughts rise and suggest
Some evil deeds within your breast,
Do not comply with their behest,
"Put on the brake."

When lust for gold springs in your heart,
And bids you from the right to part,
Let manhood cause it to depart,
"Put on the brake."

For reputation's sunny light
Returns not, once it takes its flight,
So hold the reins of reason tight,
"Put on the brake."

Do not exchange for sordid gold
The principles of right you hold,
Keep sound at heart, be true and bold,
"Put on the brake."

When passion's wave sweeps through the soul,
And threatens to submerge the whole,
Bring in the aid of self-control,
"Put on the brake."

When angry words you can't recall
Rise to your tongue, don't let them fall,
Turn back the tide, repress them all,
"Put on the brake."

If you disturb a neighbour's peace,
Your own must equally decrease ;
So, bid each angry tumult cease,
"Put on the brake."

Do not your fellow-man deride
For little faults you ought to hide ;
And when you are disposed to chide,
"Put on the brake."

When pleasures come in bright array
To lure your mind and heart away,
From sober thought say to them, nay !
"Put on the brake."

When doubts arise as to the right,
Of pleasures that to you look bright,
Shun them until you get more light,
"Put on the brake."

Avoid the fast and giddy throng,
Who would entice you to the wrong ;
Assert your manhood and be strong,
"Put on the brake."

Be true and strong in heart and will,
What right demands each day fulfil,
And ever shun each real ill.
"Put on the brake."

Thus you will live a life of joy,
A life of love without alloy,
A life of peace ; none can destroy
 "Your will, the brake."

THE POET'S DREAM.—

A song for Easter Monday.

As I sat one night
In the starry light
Of Austral's cloudless skies ;
The shadows of sleep
Both dark and deep,
Like clouds swept o'er my eyes.

Soon my eyelids fell
To the Syren's spell,
Darkness seem'd o'er to creep ;
And the murm'ring breeze
Grew faint in the trees
Till all was hushed in sleep.

Then an angel bright,
In his robes of light,
Swept down from the sky to my side,
And spoke of the love
Of our God above
And the Christ of Eastertide.

And with upturned face,
Full of radiant grace,
He pointed his hand to the Throne,
And said, "Bless'd are they
Who walk the same way"—
Then vanished and left me alone.

The sound of his wing,
His words seem to ring
In my ears for many a day ;
Again and again
The words rushed through my brain,
And whispered, "Blessed are they."

Yes, blessed are they
Who walk the same way

As Christ did, to save human kind,
Who do all they can
For weak helpless man,
And serve him with hand and mind.

If we would be kind
To the halt and the blind,
The poor and the aged of earth,
Bright sunbeams would play
On life's rugged way,
And sorrow would turn into mirth.

For every good deed
To brothers in need,
Though the deed itself be small,
Will bring to our breast
A sense of sweet rest,—
The "Well done!" of "God over All."

THE OPENING DAY OF THE
A. N. A. HALL.

[BENDIGO.]

Ye sons of Austral's soil and sunny skies,
The poet greets you on this festal day,
The tears of joy are shining in his eyes,
His heart in touch with all your spirits gay.

The opening day of this your stately hall
Is welcomed in with warmth by every breast,
The fathers of our city one and all,
Will rise to greet you and their joy attest.

A hall, by one of Austral's sons designed,
Where principles of the constructive art
In outline, form, and colour are combined,
To give a charm of beauty to each part.

A hall, designed to foster brotherhood
And help to make the nation free and great,
One in their aim, as in their birth and blood,—
A mighty whole, one undivided state.

Hail ! happy day, when every feud and strife
By petty states shall e'er be swept away,
And all shall aim at higher modes of life
And purer laws this "Sunny South" shall sway,—

Laws, binding man to man, and heart to heart,
Creating love and brotherly regard,
Uniting those, whose interests seem apart,
By giving each and all their just reward,—

And, while the southern tides shall lave our coast,
And sun and moon shall in their courses run,
May Austral's sons in all their dwellings boast
That in their aims and objects, they are one.

THE LIFE OF AVÓNIG.

PART I.

In days gone by there lived a happy pair
In a bright nook beneath the Grampian heights,
The man and wife both hailed from Cambria's hills;
And this wild spot resembled their old home
In that dear land, where craggy columns rise
From deep ravines to greet the azure skies,
Hence, they had made a choice of this deep dale
To pitch their tent and build an Austral home.

The good man's name was Gomer, and his age
Was forty-three; his loved wife's name was Gwen,
And her age, I learnt, was forty-one.
Some twenty years or more had come and gone
Since they had joined their hearts as man and wife.

Their humble home was blessed with one dear
child,

Avónig was her name—which means a stream,

Or little river, in the Cymbric tongue—
And from her birth this pure and lovely child
Had been to them a stream of life and joy ;
She was a girl of fifteen years then—
A perfect goddess in the haunts of men—
Her very form was symmetry itself,
And all her steps were elegant and fair,
Her charms were sweet as is the opening day.
The ruddy rose and the white lily chased
And kissed each other on her lovely cheeks,
Thick glossy ringlets flowed around her head
And proudly played upon her graceful neck,
Words like music fell from her ruby lips,
And, underneath long silken lashes jet,
A pair of lustrous eyes beamed thoughts of love.

Avónig was the light of that sweet home,
Her parents' hope, and constant source of joy,
For she was good withal—obedient, kind,
In thought and word, in heart and mind, so pure,
The beauty of her form and lovely face
Was heightened by a beauty more sublime ;

And, hence, this maiden of the Grampian hills
Reflected every grace of womankind,
Yet Avónig was unconscious of it all—
Unconscious as the flowers that hid their charms
In deep ravines between those rocky hills,
Whene'er a word was said in praise of her
She blushed, and humbly turned her face away ;
Ambition, vanity and pride dwelt not
Within her soul, for she was pure in heart.

Pure as the op'ning dawn
Of day on Grampian hills,
Pure as the dewy lawn,
Pure as the crystal rills
That spring from cloud-capped peaks
And glisten as they flow,
And dash like silver streaks
To reach the vales below.

Pure as the winter snow
That mantles all in white,
Pure as the ruddy glow
Of roses in the light,

Pure as the lily fair
 Decked in her spotless dress,
Pure as the morning air
 That human dwellings bless.

PART II.

The years quickly came, and passed away,
And soon Avónig grew to womanhood.
Much of her time was spent in Nature's school ;
Her teachers were the sun, and moon, and stars,
The stormy winds and the pure zephyrs soft,
The clouds and rains, and the bright morning dews,
That sparkled like rich gems or coronets
On every bush, on every blade of grass,
And flowers wild, of every shape and hue ;
For through the deep ravines and fairy glens
Of her romantic home, she loved to walk,
And sometimes climbed the very steep ascent
Of the lofty hills, musing as she went
Of God, the great unfailing source of all.

In her ascent she talked with crystal brooks,
And watched the gambols of the mountain trout
In moss-fringed ponds scooped out of granite rocks,
And polished by the air and flowing streams,
And tiny waterfalls that leaped and skipped
In seeming playful mood from ledge to ledge.
And when at last the mountain top was reached,
She walked beside the grass and flower-girt lake,
Where wattle branches in their golden bloom,
Bent to the passing breeze—their fragrant breath
Filling the soft air with sweet perfume,
And, as she walked the grandeur filled her soul
And opened springs of joy within her heart,
For the waters of the lake reflected all
The varied beauties of the scene around—
The trees, the ferns, the flowers and plants,
The tender grass, the blue and open sky,
The noonday sun scatt'ring beams of light,
The shadows of the ever-changing clouds,
All in their richest hues were mirrored there.
And in them all and through them all she saw

A beauty greater, deeper, more divine,
Which led her mind to pure and serious thought.

Oft when descending from the hoary mount
To reach her home she sought a rocky glen,
Where every sound of man, of bird or beast
Reverberated from the hanging rocks,
And rose on wings of gently waving winds
Till distance caused the notes to die away.
Once, like a fairy queen, I saw her there
Reclining on a lofty, rocky throne,
With flowers in her hand of beauty rare ;
And, while I stood, with sweet and thrilling voice
She broke the silence with this simple hymn.

“Beneath the temple of the sky,
Lord, I would worship Thee,
My spirit feels that Thou art nigh
And watching over me.

“I see the smilings of Thy love
In every open flow’r,

And in the spacious sky above,
Thy wisdom and Thy pow'r.

“In rains and dews and streamlets bright—
In all around I see—
May I discern some beams of light
To lead me nearer Thee.

“As flowers love the shining sun
And revel in his light,
So may I, Lord, till life is done
Make Thee my chief delight.”

As the music trilled from her lovely lips
I stood entranced, for through the hanging rocks
From side to side, from granite cone to cone,
Her song melodious wafted to and fro,
All the huge stone-bells in turn resounded—
Echoed and re-echoed the words and notes,
As they softly rose above on waves of air
To Heav'n, the dwelling place of Nature's God.

PART III.

As in the field, or on the mountain top,
So in her home Avònig daily lived
And moved in God's own light, and ever sought
To honour Him in thought and word and deed,
For from her childhood days she had been taught
To read the Sacred Book—the Book of Truth—
That speaks of God, of purity and love,
And deepest thoughts of wisdom from above—
The wisdom that expands the mind and heart,
And leads the one who has received by faith,
The precious gift, to live a noble life—
The Book on which our happy homes are built,
And all their ties made sacred and divine,
The Book in which each grace and virtue fair
That go to make a noble womanhood
Or manhood true, shine in their highest worth.

A portion of this Book was read each morn
And at eventide in Avònig's home,

And mother, father and their daughter fair
Would meekly kneel before the Throne of Grace
To worship God, to praise His holy name,
For blessings showered down upon their home,
To ask forgiveness of their many sins,
And seek for help to live a Godly life—
A life of faith and truth, and deeds of love.
Avonig thus was taught to seek each day,
The sanction of her God to all her deeds,
So, in her home, on all her labours there,
She stamped the impress of her own pure mind.
For Godliness and cleanliness are twins,
Born of the Spirit of the living God.
As crime is found in dark and filthy dens,
And loves to lurk within their dismal gloom,
So Godliness with all her graces fair,
In bright and cleanly homes are wont to dwell.

Avonig's home was pure and bright
And neat in every part,
A true reflection of the light
That shone within her heart.

And though it was a humble cot,
Its cleanliness was rare ;
And many men longed that their lot
Would fall to tarry there.

For all within, from door to door,
Each table, stool and chair,
And window, ceiling, wall and floor,
Spoke of her taste and care.

And she herself was like a dove—
So pure and neat in dress—
That those who gazed oft mused of love
And peace and happiness.

Her speech and manner, gesture, all
Were free as morning air,
And gentle as the beams that fall
In spring on flowers fair.

She was devout and meek in look,
Yet blithesome e'er withal ;

Oft laughing like the rippling brook
Or tiny waterfall.

Ah ! she was happy in her lot,
For every virtue fair
With fragrance filled the humble cot,
And love presided there.

PART IV.

Many of the wealthy of our land
Loved the maiden fair, and sought her hand,
But she declined ; as wealth could not impart
To any man the qualities of heart
She loved ; for Avónig loved the truth,
So she wedded one, who, from his youth
Had sought the clear light of God above
To lead his steps in paths of truth and love ;
He was of humble parentage and birth,
But full of manliness and highest worth,

True to the right, in every virtue strong,
A sturdy foe of every vice and wrong,
His heart was pure as the gold he sought
In the crystal rocks, in which he wrought.

For years they toiled in the battle of life
True-hearted, devoted as husband and wife ;
Their cottage was sacred, and love's sunny light
Made their hearts happy, and their humble home
bright.

As the seasons passed by a "wee chubby face,
Like a beam from the sky, full of innocent grace
Shed its light in their home and, with its sweet ray
Made life even sweeter and brightened their day.

The flame of true love, which burned brightly
before

The birth of their son increased more and more ;
The world fairer seemed, and the flowers "more
sweet,"

And their life-work grew larger, their joys more
complete.

The life of Avónig grew larger each day,
For on errands of mercy she oft bent her way
With her beautiful child to see and attend
To the wants of the poor who needed a friend.

At the beds of the sick in death's solemn hours
Her loving words fell like the incense of flowers,
As she led erring souls from sin's moral night,
To the light of the Gospel's undying light.

Modestly, humbly, like the soft falling dews
That nourish the flowers, she took the good news
To thirsty souls dying in this world of strife,
And moistened their hearts with the waters of life !

As the pure crystal rill,
Springing from a verdant hill,
Flows along the thirsty land,
Scatters blessings on each hand,
Clothing in its path the earth
With green mosses, giving birth
To sweet flowers, rich and gay,
As it spreads and wends its way,

In its journey to the sea,—
Giving joyously and free.
So this one of Christlike worth,
As she journeyed through this earth,
To her heavenly home above,
Freely scattered gifts of love.

The much loved Avonig is dead, but her name
Is not to be found in the world's book of fame,
While the names of the rich, who, in palaces fair,
Spent their lifetime for naught, are often found
there.

The life-story of one, who was pure in heart
Though humble, should not be allowed to depart,
So, fair maids of Austral! this simple review
Is written, that it may be copied by you.

Copy her virtues, so that blessings untold
May crown our young nation in this land of gold,
For oft what in man is true, noble and good,
Springs up from the fountain of true womanhood.

Be true to your mission, be clad in the light
Of feminine graces, be spotless and bright,
Then sweet blossoms of hope, of promises rife,
Will grow and bear fruit in all our home life.

Each heart will be filled with contentment and love,
And all will unite to look daily above
To God, for His blessing on deeds nobly done,
As flowers look up to the face of the sun.





FINIS.











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